











THE  
ODD CONFIDANT;

OR.

“Handsome is that Handsome Does.”

By DOT. (*found*)

LONDON :

J. F. HOPE, 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

---

1858.

*The right of translation is reserved by the Author.*



DEDICATED

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

MRS. CHARLES MURRAY.



## P R E F A C E.

---

I AM not going to apologize for offering this little volume to the public, as my doing so would, no doubt, appear as superfluous to my readers as it would to myself, so long as a "*fire*" burns brightly on my hearth. But I *must* apologize for the non-elucidation of several mysterious hints thrown out in the course of my narrative. When first I conceived the idea of writing this tale I intended it to form three volumes; however, circumstances arose, which obliged me to curtail it. This will, I trust, prove some excuse for the above-

mentioned mysterious allusions, which I shall have much pleasure in solving in the "sequel" to "The Odd Confidant," which I contemplate writing.

I take for my motto "Faith," "*Hope*," and "Charity;" for with regard to the *exterior* of my little book, I have much of the first-named virtue in the "*second*;" and in the name of the third I claim, for the contents, the indulgence of those kind friends for whose support and encouragement I, now, beg to offer my warmest thanks.

# THE ODD CONFIDANT.

---

## CHAPTER I.

“ A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature’s daily food—  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

WORDSWORTH.

MR. COLINWOOD was seated in his study, deeply engaged in the perusal of sundry bundles of papers and letters: so absorbed was he in his occupation, that his daughter had entered the room and was by his side ere he became aware of her presence.

“ Are you very busy this morning, dear papa?” said she; “ if not, I should like to have a little quiet conversation with you.”



“Sit down, Ellen,” said Mr. Colinwood, with a smile, “I can afford you half an hour of my precious time; so tell me what makes you wear such a serious look to-day, which, if I mistake not, is the anniversary of your birth; and here is a little present of which I hope you will approve, though I have my doubts on that point, as you and I seldom agree in matters of dress and ornament.”

“Oh! what a beautiful bracelet! Indeed, papa, I think it charming. How very good it was of you to remember my birthday; I had forgotten it myself until I received a letter from James and his dear little wife, to tell me they should come, *sans cérémonie*, and dine with us; indeed, Clara appears to be quite hurt that I had not invited them; but your kind present has taken away my courage, and I no longer feel hardy enough to ask the favour I came hither to demand.”

“Speak out freely, my dear Ellen,” said her father; “be assured if your request

prove a reasonable one, I shall not hesitate to grant it ; say, what can I do for you ?”

“ I am afraid, papa, you will not think it a reasonable one, for I am not quite sure that it is ; but since you so kindly invite me to make it known to you, I will tell you, without further hesitation, I want to go to Paris !”

“ To go to Paris !” repeated Mr. Colinwood, with an astonished look. “ What can have put Paris into your head ?”

“ I can tell you *who* put it into my head, papa, namely, Miss Dickenson ; as you know, she was there for nearly two years, and she is, as you yourself have often remarked, so much improved by her residence there, that I have the greatest desire to be placed for a year in Madame de Courcelle’s school, so highly spoken of by Jane ; for although I can read and write the French language tolerably well, yet I cannot speak it as fluently as I could wish ; and it is a source of great regret to me, when thrown in the society of foreigners, I am forced

to remain silent, while nearly all my young friends are conversing freely in that universally spoken language."

"I cannot see anything exactly unreasonable in your request," said Mr. Colinwood, after a moment's silence, "although I confess I was somewhat unprepared for such a request. Supposing I were to give my consent to this new whim of yours, pray, what would become of your poor old father? He will be obliged to look out for another daughter to supply your place."

"You will not have occasion to look far, dear papa," said Ellen; "I have obtained James' permission to suggest to you your taking up your abode with him; or should you disapprove of going so far away from your dear Lincoln's Inn, he and Clara will most willingly come and stay with you during my absence; so you see, dear papa, I thought of your comfort ere I ventured to ask so great a favour."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colinwood, "I admire your forethought, but I must have

a little time to consider the matter before I consent to part with my greatest treasure. I must now be off to the Old Jewry, where I have an engagement at twelve o'clock ; it is now past eleven ; so I shall leave you to dream of Paris and its pleasures till we meet at dinner, which, by the bye, I hope you will not forget to order, all engrossed as you are by this scheme of yours."

"Never fear, dear papa, you shall find it ready when you return home at six o'clock."

Mr. Colinwood was a barrister ; he had married, late in life, an amiable and accomplished lady, who in time became the mother of two fine children, a son and daughter, but died when Ellen was in her tenth year, leaving her husband inconsolable for her loss. James, his son, had lately been united to Miss Webster, his partner's only daughter, a young lady possessed of many amiable qualities, and deservedly beloved by all the family. Ellen, now just entering her twentieth year, having lost her mother at so

early an age, had been Mr. Colinwood's constant companion; all the love he had once lavished on his fond wife was now centred in his daughter, and she proved herself worthy of his affection by her gentle obedience and amiable unselfish disposition.

But the reader will form his own idea of her character, as it will be gradually developed in the course of my narrative; however, ere I again take up the thread of it, let me describe in a few words the personal appearance of my heroine.

She was tall and graceful, her figure inclining to *embonpoint*; her features, though small, were not strictly handsome; but there was a soft, gentle expression in her hazel eyes that was far preferable to many a more beautiful face, where pride and self-will but too often reveal their hiding place 'neath the flashing black eye or the curling lip; her hair was of a rich light brown, and slightly waved; she wore it



in plain bands drawn back so as to display the tip of her small delicate ear ; as her hands were white and well shaped, I need scarcely add she possessed a pretty foot, their usual accompaniment. As Mr. Colinwood quitted the room, Ellen walked to the window, where she remained to watch him leave the house, and to gladden him with a nod and a smile, which he was not slow in returning.

But how is this ? the smile has departed, with the last glimpse she caught of her father ! Let us read her thoughts as she retires from the window and seats herself pensively by the fire, in the chair so lately occupied by Mr. Colinwood.

I am afraid I have been very selfish, thought she, in thus asking my dear father to make so great a sacrifice—as my going to Paris must necessarily prove ; how I wish I could tell if my going there would eventually tend to increase his and my happiness ! would that I could see into the future !

exclaimed she aloud, as she looked up at her father's portrait, hanging over the chimney-piece.

How often do we hear an exclamation like that just uttered by Ellen! yet who would dare, supposing such power were given—who, I say, would dare to lay one finger on the dark heavy curtain which conceals the future and its mysteries from our eager gaze? would you, dear reader? should I? would our heroine? would she like to see that this day a new era has begun in her hitherto unchequered life, that the request she so hesitatingly made but a few minutes since was the first step towards that perplexing labyrinth of doubt, suspense, and disquietude, in which we shall soon see her vainly endeavouring to extricate herself—vainly, because she thought she could do so unassisted.

Oh! Ellen, why did you not listen to the voice of conscience when first you thought of asking permission to go to Paris, which warned you there was a still higher power



than that possessed by your earthly parent, to which you should at once have flown for guidance and strength? Why did you listen to the tempter's voice, which suggested to your mind the impropriety of praying about such a trifle? May be, had you combatted yet a little longer with the "arch-deceiver" and uttered but one short fervent prayer at the outset, the whole tenor of your life might have been changed, and the faith, displayed by the very fact of praying for light to guide you in what you had thought so trivial a matter, have met with its reward even in this world, and have saved you many a tear and bitter pang?

But as Ellen could *not* see into the future, she resolved to leave the matter in her father's hands; she comforted herself with the reflection that, should he consent to let her go, on her return home she would endeavour to repay him his kindness by redoubled efforts to render him happy. So she soliloquized; she never doubted she would return home; she thought not of "the thou-

sand ills that flesh is heir to," one of which might start up between her and that home she loved so well, and prevent her ever entering it again as light and gay as she left it.

Presently rising from her seat by the brightly burning fire, she rang the bell, and desiring the footman, who answered it, to order the carriage round at one o'clock, she prepared for her drive, resolving to go and ask her friend, Miss Dickenson, all particulars respecting the school at which she boarded during her stay in Paris, as she wished to be able to give her father every information on the subject.

Leaving Ellen on her way to Baker Street, where Mrs. Dickenson resided, I will proceed to give a brief sketch of that lady's past life and present position.

She had married when only seventeen an officer in the army, who, being a man fond of gaiety and amusement, was little calculated for forming his young and giddy wife's mind; indeed, it never en-

tered into his head to attempt doing so : she was pretty and accomplished, and his friends admired her—what more could he desire ? It is true he did not find his home quite as comfortable as he had anticipated it would be when he first resolved to make her its mistress, but he consoled himself by the reflection that he was not worse off than many others ; and, besides, had he not his club to resort to when his home was distasteful ?

However, when his daughter was born, and his wife, far from becoming more domesticated, declared the child rendered her nervous, and insisted upon sending it out to nurse, he began to despair of effecting a reformation in his wife's character, so he lived almost entirely at his club, until a fall from his horse ended his brief career. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Dickenson left her house in Sussex Gardens, and went to reside in Baker Street. After a short absence, she once more appeared amongst her gay friends, and went by the name of "the interesting widow," and she really looked ex-

tremely handsome in her weeds, so that she continued to wear them long after the period custom has prescribed.

The reader must not suppose that she neglected her little daughter all this time; she paid her regular visits, and was most particular in giving directions for the preservation of Jane's complexion, desiring the good woman who had the care of her to keep her little hands constantly cased in gloves, and on no account to allow her to breathe the country air unprotected by a thick veil; and occasionally she permitted the little alien to come home for a day, at the end of which time both mother and child were heartily tired of each other's company.

When seven years old, Jane was placed with three maiden ladies, who kept an expensively cheap school at Kensington. They had once been village belles, but having each and all flirted as long as their reign lasted, were suddenly, and not very agreeably, reminded by coldness and neglect that time

had laid his hand on them more heavily than they had hitherto supposed possible, and they were compelled to quit the field, soured in temper and straitened in means: to increase the latter, they resolved to train the minds of a certain number of young ladies; they were actuated by no worthier motive than the sordid one of gaining "money," therefore it cannot be wondered at that they proceeded to their task in a bitterness of spirit, rendered doubly so by feeling themselves called upon, as teachers of youth, to become what is commonly called "religious," and to be so, they thought they must be stern, unyielding, puffed up, and ready to cast a stone at the first poor sinner who should happen "openly" to offend against God's laws, never taking into consideration how often they themselves transgressed them by their hollow profession of a religion they felt not, nay, knew not; for does not true religion teach us "to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep our-



selves unspotted from the world"—to be meek, gentle, forbearing, kind, and forgiving?

There are many Miss Dobsons in the world who would do well to pause, ere they put on "long faces and appear unto men to fast;" and to remember that "he that gathereth not, scattereth"—that their solemn and unhappy looks may deter many a one from taking up his cross.

Jane, being a quick, shrewd child, had not long been a member of the Misses Dobson's establishment, ere she discovered they were far from being as perfect in practice as they were in theory; but not being old enough to perceive the wickedness of acting as they did, she saw only an example before her which there would be no harm in following.

On one occasion she caught Miss Jemima Dobson, the youngest of the three spinsters, reading a novel the very Sunday after she had been made to dine off dry bread for having been detected in the act of reading

one of Miss Edgeworth's moral tales on the Sabbath day. Oh! ye hypocrites! why will ye clothe sweet religion in garments of buckram, making her so unsightly, that many a gay, but warm and faithful heart turns sadly away lest, in becoming one of her votaries, like you, she should also become stern and morose?

Was it Jane's fault she grew up vain and deceitful, when her mother neglected her, and her teachers instructed her only in those branches of study that were calculated to make her shine in the eyes of the world, and left her young heart to its own devices, giving her no power by judicious counsel of detecting good from evil? At the age of sixteen she left the Misses Dobson; their grief at losing so valuable a pupil (for Mrs. Dickenson paid well) was in some measure compensated for by the present of a handsome silver teapot and milk ewer from Jane's mother, who thought it right to testify her gratitude to the three old maids for the care they had taken of her daughter. Yes, she



actually *thanked* them for ruining Jane's naturally good disposition, and rendering her as vain and silly as herself.

On quitting Kensington, Jane accompanied her mother to Paris, Mrs. Dickenson having resolved to place her in a first-rate school there, kept by Madame de Courcelle, one of the few schoolmistresses whose names appear on the books at the Hotel de Ville.

Madame de Courcelle was a woman of masculine mind, yet of most ladylike and amiable manners. Her family, of noble origin, had in one of France's numerous revolutions been ruined, the estates confiscated, and many of its members reduced to beggary, or at least to walk the middle path of life. Madame de Courcelle's husband had been an officer in the army, but for some political reason, or, as some were uncharitable enough to say, on account of his debts, had been compelled to flee the country, leaving his wife to provide both for herself and her little boy and girl.

Nothing daunted by her critical position she bethought her of setting up a school. In order to do this it was necessary that she should pass two rigid examinations at the Hotel de Ville, and if she desired her establishment to be what is called in France *une institution*, she would have to pass a third. With untiring perseverance she studied night and day, and at the end of a twelvemonth she passed all three examinations with éclat, and in a few years she was in possession of one of the three leading schools in Paris.

She had been, when young, a beautiful woman ; and at the time Mrs. Dickenson placed her daughter under her care, though then nearly fifty, she was still charming. She dressed with an inimitable taste, was graceful and accomplished ; but she was what no English word will rightly express, *fine* to a degree ! Nothing escaped her vigilant eye ; she seemed to know the thoughts of every one of the forty young ladies in her establishment, and of the affairs of her parlour-

boarders, or *dames-en-chambre* as they were called; she knew more than they would, by any means, have approved of, had they been aware of the amount of knowledge she possessed.

Jane remained nearly two years with Madame de Courcelle. What benefit she derived from her stay in Paris the reader will discover as he proceeds; but if, besides a knowledge of the French language, she learnt little that was good, and much that was bad, it must be borne in mind that she had gone there selfish, frivolous, and vain, and *that* was not the place to cause her to change for the better. Madame de Courcelle, being a Roman Catholic, took little interest in the religion of her Protestant pupils, farther than by sending them once every Sunday, with the English teacher, to the *Chapelle Marbœuf*; and as Jane was a parlour-boarder, and no longer a child, she did not consider herself called upon to advise her, except perhaps in the choice of a ball dress or some other such trivial matter.

Mothers of England, upon the strength of the old proverb, “a word to the wise is sufficient for them,” I will venture to give you some advice. Should your daughters be well-principled and really *sincere* Christians, then may you trust them among the quicksands of Parisian life, as, indeed, then all places will be alike to them; but, unless you *know* them to be so, oh! trust them not! as you value their happiness here and hereafter—I say again, trust them not. Better let them remain entirely ignorant of the French language all their lives, than acquire it at such a price as in the latter case it may and *must* cost them and you.

## CHAPTER II.

“A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;  
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel.”

BYRON.

WHEN Ellen entered Mrs. Dickenson's elegant little drawing-room, she found her seated with her daughter, engaged in looking at some wreaths of artificial flowers, which a young Frenchwoman was vehemently asserting were the very last she received from Paris, and had not yet been shown to any of her other customers.

Hastily throwing the wreaths into a box, and saying she would call in the course of the day and select one, Jane came forward,

and, taking Ellen's hand, assured her of the delight her early visit occasioned her.

Mrs. Dickenson, languidly turning her head, said, "You must excuse my not rising, Miss Colinwood, for I am suffering from a bad sprain, as you have doubtless heard."

"I was indeed surprised to hear from Mr. Beaumont, yesterday, that you were still confined to the house," replied Ellen, "or I should have been to see you sooner."

"I dare say I shall be quite well by next Wednesday; if not, poor Jane will be grievously disappointed, for she is counting on my being able to chaperon her to Mrs. Cleveland's ball; you are going of course?" continued Mrs. Dickenson, casting an enquiring look at our heroine.

"Yes; that is to say, I have accepted the invitation, and shall go unless papa be prevented from accompanying me."

"Which would be no little disappointment, I doubt not, my dear; for a little bird has told me that the fair Ellen, so long held to be invulnerable to Cupid's darts, has, at



last, been wounded by that cruel boy; in plain terms, that Mr. Beaumont"—here Mrs. Dickenson looked very hard at poor Ellen—"has found favour in your eyes."

Blushing, and unable to meet the widow's steady gaze, our heroine stammered out something to the effect that "Mr. Beaumont was an agreeable young man, but that having only met him three or four times, it was hardly fair to accuse her of giving him any preference."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Dickenson, with a short dry laugh, "I suppose you wish to look very *interestingly* astonished when the offer is made, and therefore think fit to deny having even *the most remote idea* that the gentleman is about to propose."

"Indeed, Mrs. Dickenson," said Ellen, now almost angry at this continued raillery; "Mr. Beaumont has shown me nothing more than ordinary attention, therefore I am at a loss to understand why you should couple his name with mine."

Jane, who had remained silent hitherto,



endeavouring to conceal a certain amount of pique which the latter part of the conversation caused her, now looked up, and with a sneer asked Ellen if she had forgotten Mr. Beaumont's devoted attentions at Mrs. Morrison's last *soirée*, when he had scarcely left her side?

Without replying to the question, Ellen sought to change the conversation by requesting Jane to give her some information respecting Madame de Courcelle's school; this was eagerly supplied by both mother and daughter, and accompanied by the not most disinterested advice "to lose no time in asking Mr. Colinwood's consent to her going at once to Paris." And when Ellen said she was almost sure of obtaining his permission to do so, they could scarcely conceal their satisfaction, for they were both most anxious to place the British Channel between them and so dangerous a rival as she had lately proved to Jane.

Then followed some trifling conversation on the present fashions, during which Mrs.

Dickenson vainly endeavoured to persuade Ellen that *yellow* would be excessively becoming to her for a ball dress, and strongly recommended her procuring one of that colour for the approaching ball; she failed however in her artful attempts to convince her that she would look less beautiful in the plain white *glacé* silk, which she frankly confessed she intended to purchase for the occasion. Ellen now rose to depart. As Mrs. Dickenson tendered her hand, she said she should be very happy to take Ellen with her to the ball, in the event of Mr. Colinwood's feeling indisposed to accompany her.

With much warmth Ellen expressed her thanks, and said she was sure her father would gladly avail himself of the kind offer when she named it to him, as he disliked late hours.

Now Mrs. Dickenson had made the proposal with one of her sweetest smiles, notwithstanding that, at the time, she was suffering great bodily pain, by reason of sundry severe pressures from her daughter's

foot against the still tender ankle, given to show Jane's total disapproval of the plan; and it was not until Ellen had left the room and the door had closed behind her, that the smile was changed for a dark frown, and Mrs. Dickenson asked with asperity, "what Jane meant by treading so unfeelingly on her sprained foot?" adding, "that she had not acted as she had done without due consideration."

Now the widow had her motive, very different to the kind one for which Ellen gave her credit, for offering to chaperon her to the ball; and in order to show the reader what this motive was, I must go back some few months, and state that it was at a pic-nic party that Mr. Beaumont was first introduced to Mrs. Dickenson, who, having discovered that he was a rising young doctor, of good family, and with still better expectations, thought he would be no unsuitable match for Jane; therefore, as soon as an opportunity presented itself of speaking privately with her daughter, she gave

the young lady to understand that Mr. Beaumont's attentions (which had been most assiduous during the day) were, by no means, to be coolly received, as he was an excellent young man, and, what was of still greater consequence, very well to do in the world.

Jane promised obedience, which, be it said *en passant*, she would not so readily have done had she not been herself much prepossessed in Mr. Beaumont's favour by the great taste he had manifested in selecting her, from the many rival belles, to be his companion for the day. I say companion, for who has not remarked that at pic-nics every gentleman chooses one lady in particular, to whom he pays almost undivided attention, each "lord of the creation" seeming to think that he has alone the right to be amused, and that the rest of the party have no claim on his services. Much vexation is often the result of this egotism, when gaiety and sociability only should reign; for where there are more ladies than

gentlemen assembled, some must necessarily be left almost entirely to take care of and amuse themselves—why they cannot do so is a puzzling question, and one I will not attempt to answer further than by giving it as my opinion that the “arch fiend, Envy,” is the cause of the bitter thoughts and sour looks but too often indulged in by such unfortunate young ladies, who, either from not being known to many of the gentlemen present, or from being less attractive than their successful rivals, are thus left to wander with the chaperons, neither thought of nor missed by the others.

Before I quit the subject, I cannot resist giving my young lady readers a piece of advice, namely, go to all places of amusement, and especially to those delightful outdoor gatherings of which I have just been speaking, with a determination to enjoy, to the full, the many pleasures kind nature so bountifully offers you, in the deep shades of the forest, the rippling stream, the songs of the birds, the rich varied tints of the



numberless flowers, and the thousands of charming items that render a country excursion so agreeable—go, I say, with such a determination, or should you be so poor in mind as to be unable to enjoy these delights *unless* escorted by some favourite beau, and are not *quite* sure that you can command such an attendant, then stay away, and save yourself the disappointment.

But I am digressing most unwarrantably ; so now to return to the party in Epping Forest, which was the spot selected by the widow and her friends for their excursion.

Mr. Beaumont continued to pay Jane the greatest attention throughout the day ; he admired her more than he had ever admired any other woman, and she was extremely beautiful ; her black, glossy hair contrasted so well with her exquisitely fair skin, her cheeks sufficiently flushed to cause her dark eyes to look both bright and sparkling, and, above all, her teeth, of dazzling whiteness, contributed to form as sweet a face as ever man hath gazed on. Her

spirits were good; indeed she was never dull, unless disappointed of some expected pleasure, and then she was more than dull, for, sad to say, she became positively ill-tempered.

But Mr. Beaumont had yet this to learn, and being in such blissful ignorance, he flirted with and talked to Jane till he felt his heart in danger; the time seemed to fly, and when, after a delightful drive by moonlight, he parted with his fair charmer at Mrs. Dickenson's door (but not until he had obtained permission to call and bring Jane some music next day), and he had thrown himself into his brougham and was on his way to his bachelor's home, he thought more than ever what a charming little wife she would make; and he resolved to follow up the acquaintance so agreeably begun, and then if—but there would be time enough to make up his mind as to whether he would offer to make her mistress of that home, when he had discovered if she were likely to render it a happy one to him.

The next day he called as early as etiquette would permit of his doing, and after rather a lengthened visit came away, more enraptured with Jane than ever. When, after the fatigue of visiting his numerous patients (for he was much in request), he returned to his solitary home, how lonely he felt ! He wandered from his little study, he ever had thought so comfortable, to his handsomely furnished drawingroom ; that appeared still more dreary ; he sat down and endeavoured to dissipate the ennui he endured by thinking over the happiness he had enjoyed the two preceding days ; but this only tended to make the present still less bearable ; even his Collard & Collard's piano which had always been able to cheer him, now seemed to taunt him with his loneliness as he ran his fingers over the keys.

Poor Mrs. Mutton, his housekeeper, was absolutely terrified when James, the footman, came down and told her "that something was the matter with master, for he seemed to have lost his appetite *hentirely*, and what



little he did *heat* at dinner he grumbled at, and declared *everythink* was ill-dressed." When the old lady, thinking some apology was necessary for the dinner not having been to her master's liking, entered the drawing room, and begged to express her sorrow thereat, he suddenly cut her short, by telling her that he did not know what she meant, as he had eaten a hearty dinner, and thought it excellent. She shook her head when she had closed the door after her, and began to doubt either James's or her master's veracity; but when the latter sent down the tea and pronounced it undrinkable, her consternation was extreme, and she anticipated little less than to awake next morning and find her master in a high fever; for she held that no person in their senses would call her tea, which she prided herself in making, anything but delicious.

After a restless night Mr. Beaumont arose, firmly convinced that he was a most unhappy young man, and to a certain ex-

tent he was right, for he had lost his heart to one of the most unamiable of women; and though so infatuated with her, it was not long ere he discovered that Jane was not quite so gentle as he had at first supposed her; for having called one morning quite unexpectedly, he was absolutely shocked to hear her voice as he ascended the stairs, raised far above its usual pitch, inveighing in no measured terms against her mother. Where was his love now? Dashed rudely from him! He felt all the bitterness that must follow the awakening from a dream such as his had been; for he had in his imagination endowed the beautiful idol of his heart with every quality which a true and noble woman should possess; and to find that he had hitherto been madly worshipping one who could thus forget the reverence due to a parent, pained him excessively. His sorrow amounted almost to disgust, when, on his entering the room whence the ungracious sounds had proceeded, he saw Jane looking angrily at

her mother, who was evidently engaged in examining some heavy bills apparently with small satisfaction. The instant, however, they became aware of his presence, they both assumed a calm and amiable deportment, and referred to each other in the most endearing terms, which only served to increase his contempt for them.

The very soul of truth and honour himself, anything approaching deceit or hypocrisy he held in the greatest abhorrence.

Pleading an important engagement as an excuse for remaining but a short time, he hurried away, and endeavoured to console himself by reflecting on the misery he had escaped by thus discovering Jane's real character ere too late.

Let not the reader think he was precipitate in his judgment. Such a scene as that I have attempted to describe was quite sufficient to strip Jane of all her charms; for what woman, however handsome, looks anything but unsightly and revolting when

giving way to intemperate anger, and with unbridled tongue lets her passion break forth in ungentle words, and those words addressed to a mother?

Not wishing, however, to furnish food for the gossips, Mr. Beaumont continued his visits to Baker Street, though they grew less and less frequent; but he was not sorry for having accepted an invitation to an evening party given by Mrs. Dickenson, when he met our heroine there: not that I mean to assert that he fell in love with her at first sight—he had learned a lesson from the past, which made him more cautious in forming hasty opinions; but he admired her, and could not but compare her retiring modest deportment with Jane's evident thirst for admiration.

It must not be supposed that the latter bore this estrangement calmly. Although she was incapable of loving as a pure, unselfish woman alone can love, yet she felt more warmly towards him than she had ever done towards any other person, either man or

woman; and when she found he had ceased, apparently without any cause, to pay her attention, and not only that, but was now devoting himself to Ellen, she was beside herself with rage and mortification, and was only calmed by her mother's reiterated assurances that all was not yet lost; and upon her mother suggesting that she should try and persuade Ellen to go to Paris (which she had often expressed a desire to do), Jane's spirits rose, and she forthwith determined to use her utmost endeavours to prevail upon Ellen to seek the required permission of her father. Ellen's early visit and its purport shewed their scheme was likely to answer; and it required all Jane's art to enable her to conceal her satisfaction at the prospect of so soon losing a dangerous, because successful rival; therefore the bare thought of Ellen's meeting Mr. Beaumont at Mrs. Cleveland's ball troubled her, and she could with difficulty restrain her anger at her mother's proposing to take her with them; and it was some time ere Mrs. Dickenson could convince

her that it would be far better than Ellen's going with her father, as Mr. Beaumont, who had offered to be their escort, would, out of politeness, if impelled by no other motive, ask Jane for the first dance; and her mother engaged to get Ellen's card so filled up that before an opportunity would be offered him of soliciting her hand for any of the succeeding dances, few blanks should occur, and those quite towards the end of the list of dances. Somewhat appeased by this assurance, Jane centred all her thoughts upon her toilette; a new dress must be bought; and a long consultation took place as to colour, texture, etc., which was ultimately concluded by a visit to Howell & James', which so far contributed to restore Jane's peace of mind that she offered no objection to her mother's proposal of calling on Mrs. Maberly, her grandmamma, for whom she entertained no very warm regard, therefore seldom honoured her with a visit.



## CHAPTER III.

“ It’s hardly in a body’s power  
To keep, at times, frae being sour.”

BURNS.

MRS. MABERLY had an aquiline nose ! To those of my readers who may not have studied noseology, such an abrupt description of the old lady’s nasal organ will, doubtless, appear very strange : but to those who, like myself, have given the science (if I may be allowed so to call it) due consideration, my having done so will neither appear strange nor inappropriate ; on the contrary, they will at once have arrived



at the knowledge of her character, for they will agree with me that the human nose is undoubtedly a sure index to the mind. But for the benefit of non-noseologists I will proceed to give a more lengthened account of her disposition and temper; before doing so, however, let me beg them to call to mind the shape and size of the respective noses of their several acquaintance, and if they should be so unfortunate as to number among them a lady (I say a lady, as I am not quite sure that the same shaped nose in a gentleman denotes a similar disposition) with an aquiline nose, and will take the trouble to analyse her character, I think they will at once allow that such a nose is to be avoided when appertaining to one of the fair sex. While the possessor is young, and without care or anxiety, she can well afford to be amiable; and having little or no ambition, the crafty wiliness, perhaps, lies hidden for a time, but so surely as disappointment and Time's rough hand have spread wrinkles o'er the

once smooth skin, or sickness and care have more clearly developed the outline of the once fair face, so surely will the possessor become such as I am about to describe.

Mrs. Maberly, then, in addition to the nose, which has occupied so much of my time, possessed large heavy grey eyes, thin compressed lips, from behind which appeared two even rows of white teeth, of unusual length, and so closely planted together that they looked like two solid pieces of ivory. She was rather below the middle height, and had once been very beautiful in person; in mind she and Mrs. Dickenson afforded as complete a contrast to the "holy Lois and her daughter Eunice" as can well be imagined. As a girl she had been celebrated for her wit and power of satire: these qualities, when accompanied by beauty and some little good nature, were admired and praised; but now that her beauty had fled, and the small amount of amiability she had once possessed had given place to peevishness and ill-humour, she was scarcely

tolerated, and she had become at once an object of dislike and contempt.

To those few whom she honoured by her friendship, she would, at times, be very gracious; but even they looked upon her with a kind of fear, for there was such an apparent want of warmth and cordiality in all she said or did, that it was found to be impossible to do more than tolerate her. When Mrs. Dickenson and Jane drove up to the house, which was situated in Grosvenor Street, the servant, who answered the knock at the door, said his mistress was out, though she was actually looking at them from the window, without however appearing to recognize them. Disregarding this false announcement, Mrs. Dickenson alighted, and, followed by her daughter, walked up to the drawingroom, merely saying to the astonished footman, "Mrs. Maberly would not refuse to see her." The old lady was sitting by the fire when they entered the room; she languidly raised her head and said "she had not expected to be

thus favoured by a visit from them, or she would have made an exception in their favour, and have told John to admit them at once."

Mrs. Dickenson came forward and kissed her mother's cheek, at the same time assuring her "they had been prevented coming by the accident she had met with in spraining her ankle."

Mrs. Maberly now turned to Jane and said, "You are not looking well, my dear; but I suppose I must set your pallid cheeks down to Mr. Beaumont's account, for I hear he has cast you off already, and has taken pretty Miss Colinwood in your place. Nay, nay, do not get angry; you must expect to be talked of, if you run after the young men, as I am told you do. I suppose it is the fashion; but in *my* time women knew what was due to them, and therefore were valued accordingly. The order of things seems reversed now—the ladies court the gentlemen."

"I have done nothing to merit such a

remark from you," said Jane, looking very red and angry; "you really take delight, I think, in teasing and annoying me."

"Indeed, mamma," said Mrs. Dickenson, "Jane has behaved with the greatest propriety, and until that *artful* Miss Colinwood attracted his attention, Mr. Beaumont paid her unceasing devotion."

"Oh! I dare say it is all quite right; but if young ladies cannot get beaux without laying themselves open to remark, they are to be pitied. I suppose she is going to make another attack on the poor young man at the approaching ball. I hope you will be successful, my dear; really your perseverance is quite worthy of a better cause."

Jane was about to make some cutting answer to this remark, but her mother interposed, and proceeded to give Mrs. Maberly all the details of their deep-laid scheme, at which she seemed highly amused, and by dint of fixing her keen eyes on Jane's face, succeeded in rendering that young lady very uncomfortable, as, however bad

our motives for action may be, we do not like every one to read them, and show also that they are understood most thoroughly; and, for the time, she felt heartily ashamed of the mean part she was playing. When Mrs. Dickenson paused, the old lady, more for the pleasure of watching the change of conduct it would produce than from any kind motive, said, "Well, I suppose you will require a new ball dress for the occasion; I will make you a present of ten pounds; it will gratify me extremely to know it is expended on a bait to catch a husband." Jane rose to take the proffered note, and thanked her grandmother as warmly as her cold nature would allow of, though the last part of the speech was anything but palatable.

"It is a great pity you cannot persuade Miss Colinwood to go to Paris before the ball takes place," remarked Mrs. Maberly; "it would save you *so* much scheming and plotting. Mr. Beaumont would feel highly flattered if he knew of all the arts practised to entrap him."



“ Really, grandmamma,” said Jane, “ you use very strong expressions ; it is not likely I should stand quietly by and see him devoting himself to Ellen, and totally neglecting me, without at least trying to outrival her.”

“ Oh ! no, my dear, I think it would be *very* unlike you to do so, therefore I am not surprised to find you so wisely employing your time and talents.” Without appearing to notice the sarcasm of this reply, Jane turned to her mother and asked if it were not time to return home, as they had several calls to make on their way.

Mrs. Dickenson assented, and rising, once more kissed the old lady’s cheek, and Jane, recollecting the present of ten pounds, followed her example. Such an unwonted piece of attention of course drew forth a muttered remark from Mrs. Maberly, to the purport that “ such a trifle was scarcely worth a kiss.”

From Grosvenor Street Mrs. Dickenson drove to Hyde Park Gardens, to call on



a rich old maid of the name of Percival; she inhabited a large and handsomely furnished house, and until very recently had lived entirely by herself, with the exception of an occasional visitor. However, having lately been staying in Devonshire with a relation blessed with a numerous family, in an unusual fit of good humour she offered to adopt the two eldest girls; of boys she detested the very name: when I say she offered to adopt them, I mean she proposed taking them to live with her till they married, when she hinted she might be led to give them no inconsiderable dowry.

Miss Percival was a sharp, clever little woman, about fifty, at this time; she had once been very handsome according to her own account, and had had many admirers; but having a most trying temper as well as great susceptibility, they had one by one dropped off.

She was always suspecting somebody of something, and when any one attempted to prove she was wrong in her suspicion,

she sent forth such a volley of words, and unanswerable because most incomprehensible arguments, that the offender was at once silenced, though often not convinced. She had also a peculiar way of growling out what she had to say, so that when intending to be very amiable, she appeared as if she were finding fault with you, or whomsoever she might be addressing at the time.

It may easily be imagined then that her two nieces, as she was pleased to call them, although they were by no means so nearly related, led anything but peaceful lives, and had they not been very amiable girls they would have written and begged to be allowed to return to their more humble but far happier home.

If either of them descended to the breakfast-room one moment after nine o'clock, Miss Percival's ill temper was aroused for the rest of the day. She considered herself extremely pious, and really was so ; but she had an unsatisfactory way of displaying her

piety *sometimes*, and appearing to forget it altogether at others : for instance, had you a desire for a walk on a Sunday, she would immediately show you her disapprobation of such an unholy proceeding, by placing some dreadfully dry theological work on her lap, and endeavour to set you a better example by betaking herself to read it ; it would not be long ere you would be startled by the ponderous volume falling to the ground, which she would instantly snatch up, and repel with vehemence your insinuations as to her having fallen asleep. At another time she would stay away from church in the morning, upon some fancied necessity, and towards the close of the day, when wearied and fatigued you longed for bed, she would suddenly be seized with the conviction that the day had been ill-spent, and would insist upon family prayers, which she would drawl out for upwards of an hour, the servants being victimized as well as visitors.

She had brought her nieces to town for •

the express purpose of getting them married. If such were really her desire she defeated her own plans; for though loving the girls very sincerely, yet she had such a habit of grumbling, that when she most wished them to please she would be sure to say something ill-natured to them, and so make them appear in an unamiable light.

Ada and Mary, those were their names, could not help loving their aunt in spite of her temper, for she was very kind to them, and gave them every pleasure money could procure; but she spoiled all the enjoyment they might have had, by her ceaseless grumbling. I have described her at some length, because she will take a prominent part in my narrative. She was not at home when Mrs. Dickenson called, so leaving their cards, mother and daughter returned to Baker Street, and found to Jane's mortification that Mr. Beaumont had been during their absence.

## CHAPTER IV.

“Tho’, by the bye, abroad why will you roam ?  
Good sense and taste are natives nearer home.”

BURNS.

WHEN Ellen returned home it was nearly five o’clock ; so she hastened to dress for dinner, that she might be ready when her brother and his wife should arrive. She soon completed her toilette, and had just descended to the drawing-room when she heard a carriage draw up, and little doubting that it contained those she was so anxiously expecting, she ran forward, almost before the door was opened, to welcome

them. To her unfeigned astonishment, Miss Percival and the Misses Lloyd were announced !

“ You do not seem very well pleased to see us,” said the former lady, looking very smilingly at Ellen, who was wondering whether she had really invited them, and forgotten having done so. They had evidently come to dinner, as they were in full dress.

“ I beg your pardon for being so slow to welcome you, but I thought it was Mr. and Mrs. James Colinwood who had arrived, and seeing you instead of Clara, I was surprised into committing a breach of good manners. I am delighted to see you I am sure.” And turning to the Misses Lloyd, she shook each by the hand and welcomed them with her usual grace.

“ It is too bad,” said Miss Percival, “ to take you thus by storm, but your kind father, who invited us to dine here to-day, begged we would come quite unannounced, as he wished to surprise his darling.”

“ The surprise is as agreeable an one as



he could well have thought of, it was very good of him to ask you; to-day is my birthday, and, therefore, I did not care to invite any one to meet my brother and his wife, as I do not like to impress my friends with the idea that I consider that day of any more importance than the remaining three hundred and sixty-four."

"I admire you for the good sense you display," said Ada. "I dislike exceedingly to see the parade some persons indulge in, just because it may happen to be their birthday, or the anniversary of their wedding."

"Oh," said Ellen, "I like to see the members of a family meet together on such an occasion; I think their doing so shows a warm and affectionate disposition towards each other: the case is different then."

"I am *quite* of your opinion," growled the little old maid. Here she glanced at her two nieces. "*Relations* ought not only to feel kindly towards each other, but to show that they do so by seeking to please those members



of their family with whom they may happen to live."

As this speech was evidently intended as a reproof to one or both her nieces, Ellen good naturedly sought to change the subject of conversation, and remarked "that Mary was not looking so rosy as was her wont."

"As to that," replied Miss Percival, "it is not to be wondered at: if young ladies will stay up late at night reading, they cannot expect to retain their good looks."

Here Ada, seeing Ellen's annoyance at having again started a fresh subject for dispute, asked her when she thought of going to Paris ?

"I do not yet know that I am going," replied she, "but I expect papa will decide the question this evening."

"Well," again chimed in Miss Percival, "I hope he will refuse your request, my dear, for I do not think you will gain anything by going there. Take my advice, and at once give up the idea."

Before Ellen could make any answer, the

door again opened, and Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Seymour (a cousin of the former) were announced.

Ellen hastened to receive them, and blushing and smiling accepted a beautiful bouquet which Mr. Beaumont presented to her; and having introduced the gentlemen to her friends, did her best to appear calm and unconcerned, although she felt in an agony of mind: where would the dinner come from for all these unexpected guests? She could not leave the room until her father or brother should arrive, and by that time it would be too late to do aught to replenish the larder.

What a small thing will serve to turn the most agreeable moment of our lives into one of extreme annoyance and embarrassment! Poor Ellen scarcely heard what was said; and when Mr. Seymour, appealing to her, asked if she admired Thackeray's new book, she hastily replied, "No, it is out of season."

She had neither heard the question nor thought of her answer, therefore was uncon-

scious of having uttered anything extraordinary, until she saw Mr. Beaumont endeavouring to hide the smile he could not suppress, behind a number of the very book she had declared to be "out of season." To add to her confusion Miss Percival said :

"I thought you did not approve of large birthday parties, my dear? But, perhaps, these gentlemen have likewise taken you by surprise ; and the inappropriate answer you just now gave Mr. Seymour, may have been caused by your anxiety to know if your dinner, provided for four persons, will suffice for nine?"

Thinking she had said something extremely witty, the maiden lady drew herself up, and waited for the expected burst of merriment.

An awful pause followed instead, which was most happily broken by the entrance of Mr. Colinwood and an elderly gentleman ; introducing the latter to the company as Mr. Beverly, Ellen's father proceeded to welcome all present, and then turning to his

daughter he kissed her and said "he hoped she had fulfilled her promise and not forgotten to order dinner, as he was very hungry."

Devoutly wishing such might not be the case with the others, Ellen replied, "I did not forget to order dinner, papa; but as you left me in ignorance of the number of kind friends you intended to ask, I fear they will fare but indifferently. I shall lay all the blame on you," added she, laughing.

"I shall be content to bear it, my dear; but knowing how full your little head was of Paris, I took the precaution of giving the cook a hint that I intended inviting a certain number of friends to dinner to-day, so I trust we shall find enough and to spare."

"Are you going to Paris?" asked Mr. Beaumont, crossing the room and sitting down near our heroine.

"I have asked papa's permission to go," she answered, "but have not yet obtained it."

“What is that you are saying about Paris?” said Mr. Colinwood, turning quickly round; and without waiting for his question to be answered, he came and sat down by her side and continued, “I have thought over your request, my dear child, and I now give you leave to make your preparations for as early a departure from smoky London to the gay French capital, as you may think advisable; should you be disappointed in your expectations of Parisian life, you can but return home. I will accompany you there, and will stay with you a week or two, that I may have the pleasure of showing you some of the lions of that beautiful city.”

Ellen's eyes were full of tears as she took her father's hand, and thanked him for his kindness.

Mr. Beaumont had listened to all Mr. Colinwood said with profound attention, and watched the effect produced by it on Ellen, which did not tend to lessen the admiration he had before felt for her.

“At last you have come!” exclaimed Mr.

Colinwood, as his son and Clara entered the room.

"It is James' fault that we were not here sooner," replied the latter, as she gracefully saluted the company. "I hope Ellen will scold him well for his unpunctuality."

"*Ellen never* scolds," said James with a mischievous glance towards his wife, who acknowledged it by a merry laugh.

Dinner was now announced. Mr. Beaumont conducted our heroine down stairs, and felt proud of the privilege.

All was merriment and gaiety. Even little Miss Percival forgot her grievances, and laughed and chatted as cheerfully as the rest.

I will pass over the routine of the dinner-table, where the conversation was naturally on general subjects, and follow the ladies as they quit the dining-room, and once more seat themselves round the blazing fire.

Miss Percival ensconced herself in an easy chair, and was soon in the land of dreams.

At Clara's request Ada sat down to the



piano, and being a brilliant performer delighted Ellen extremely, she being passionately fond of music. The four young ladies continued to amuse themselves till the gentlemen joined them; then Ellen was requested to sing; she neither claimed a cold or declared herself out of practice, but at once seated herself at the piano, and after a short prelude commenced that beautiful German air which begins "When the swallows homeward fly," and goes on to express the sadness caused by separation from those we love. She had a sweet voice, and sang with such pathos and expression that every one listened, entranced, to the soft strains.

Mr. Beaumont had approached till he stood close to the piano, where he remained during the time she was singing; and when she ended her song he bent down and said "Thank you" in such a deep, feeling manner that she was quite startled for the moment. Before she had time to collect herself he added, "You have made me quite melancholy, Miss Colinwood, for the words of your song

have made me realize already the void that your departure for Paris will so soon create."

"You are very kind to say so, Mr. Beaumont; but I cannot think my absence will be much felt except," she added, with a sigh, "by my father."

"Why do you wish so much to go there?" asked he.

"I can scarcely tell you. Miss Dickenson first suggested the idea to me; and I should really like to be able to converse as fluently in French as she does; it is quite delightful to hear her."

"I had not the honour of knowing Miss Dickenson before she went to Paris," said Mr. Beaumont, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "but I should hardly think it could have improved her, from all I hear."

"Oh! she is very much improved I assure you; before she went there she was so silent and reserved, that it was quite painful to see her in society, and now, as you know, she is quite an attractive star."

"There are falling stars," murmured he in

reply ; but as he spoke, as though to himself, Ellen took no notice of the observation, but somehow she felt less happy than she thought she would have done at the prospect of going to Paris.

“ Will you be at Mrs. Cleveland’s ball ? ” asked Mr. Beaumont after a short pause.

“ Yes ! I am going with Mrs. Dickenson.”

“ Is it too early to solicit your hand for some of the dances ? ” asked he, with a smile.

“ Do not be too precipitate,” said Ellen, “ or you may repent when you see the many lovely girls who will grace Mrs. Cleveland’s party.”

“ None will or can compete with you in my eyes,” replied he, with a look of admiration which caused Ellen’s cheeks to glow ; “ therefore may I ask for three dances, beginning with the second on the list ? ”

Ellen smiled assent, and asked “ what numbers the others were to be ? ”

“ You shall choose yourself,” said he, “ for as we neither of us know how they will be

arranged, I should scarcely like to take the responsibility upon myself of selecting them."

"Well, then, let them be the fifth and ninth," laughingly replied Ellen.

Here their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted, and as Ellen was obliged to divide her attentions among her guests, no farther conversation except on general subjects occurred between her and Mr. Beaumont. The evening passed quickly away, and when the last of the party had taken leave, Ellen, as she wished her father good night, declared it had been one of the happiest of her life.

## CHAPTER V.

“I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.”

COWPER.

“WELL,” said Mr. Colinwood, the next day, as he and Ellen sat at breakfast, “how soon will you be ready to start for Paris? The sooner we go the longer I shall be able to stay with you, dear, for I must be in London by the end of January. To-day is the thirteenth—what say you to next Friday, which will be the nineteenth, and

you will have Thursday to rest yourself after the fatigue of Mrs. Cleveland's party."

"I can make all my arrangements by that time, dear papa," answered Ellen, "therefore we will fix Friday for our departure; but I cannot bear to leave you," added she after a short pause, "I am sure you will miss me very much."

"No doubt of that, my darling; but I shall often run over to see you, and if I find you looking well and happy I shall be fully repaid for the temporary loss of your society."

"You are very good to me, papa; you must promise me one thing before I go, that is, should you feel very dull and miss me, even more than you now think you will, to send for me home again at once; will you promise this?" said she, taking his hand and looking at him affectionately.

Greatly moved by her tender solicitude, Mr. Colinwood gave the required promise.

"And now tell me, papa, why did you ask so many persons to dinner yesterday



without telling me? You cannot imagine my consternation when I remembered I had only ordered sufficient for four."

"I invited Miss Percival and her nieces some days ago, for I wished to surprise you; and meeting Mr. Beaumont and his cousin yesterday, I thought they would form an agreeable addition to the little party. Mr. Beverly invited himself; for he recollected it was your birthday, and came round to my office to tell me he intended going home to dine with me and his little Ellen, as he always calls you."

Mr. Beverly was distantly related to Mr. Colinwood, and from an early age they had been staunch friends; it was, indeed, said at one time they had both been candidates for the possession of Miss Campbell's hand, who eventually bestowed it on Mr. Colinwood. Mr. Beverly, far from feeling any animosity towards his successful rival, sincerely congratulated him on his good fortune, and smothered the affection he had conceived for the beautiful girl, and resolved

to remain her friend though he could be nothing more to her; being very rich, and having no profession to occupy his time and attention, he went abroad, and after travelling about for two years, returned to his native land a happier man; but he never married; his was a heart which could love but once.

He spent much of his time with his friends the Colinwoods; and when Ellen was born he begged to be her godfather, which was willingly agreed to; she became his chief amusement; he would pass hours playing with her, and she soon got to love him tenderly; she used to call him "Papa Beverly." Indeed, the child never seemed happy unless he was near to share her infantine sports.

When poor Mrs. Colinwood died, Mr. Beverly was a still more frequent visitor; he took the greatest interest in James' and Ellen's studies, rewarding them by costly presents when the tutor and governess expressed their approbation of their charge.

As Ellen grew up, she became more and

more attached to the good old man, and sought his advice on every occasion. He had, at first, objected to her going to Paris; but she soon won him over to her way of thinking, and he promised, in her absence, to be frequent in his visits to her father, and to write often and tell her all that occurred.

Mr. Beverly was nearly sixty at this time, and having lived a solitary life he had become peculiar in many things, but his greatest eccentricity was a mania he had for pursuing any person whom he thought, in the least degree, guilty of "cruelty to animals;" he belonged to the society for the prevention of it, and, certainly, was a most energetic and active member, having been known to walk ten or twelve miles after a wagon, the driver of which he fancied had ill-used one of the horses; and as the man refused to give his master's address, the indefatigable Mr. Beverly trudged along in the rear of the wagon, and never stopped until it drew up before a farmhouse, when he immediately inquired for the farmer, who, upon hearing

his statement, called him *a meddlesome old fellow*, and desired him, in future, to mind his own business. Here was a base return for his philanthropy! However, consoling himself with the knowledge of having done his duty, he returned home.

This was one of many instances where he had met with insult instead of gratitude for his kind intentions. One would have thought his ardour in the cause of the brute creation would have abated after such repeated failures, but, on the contrary, it seemed to increase.

He certainly did not consider that boys belonged to the animal race, for he had the greatest antipathy to them, and looked upon them all with suspicious eyes; so much so, that it not unfrequently happened that he mistook the innocent for the guilty. On one occasion he pounced upon an unfortunate urchin carrying a milliner's old fashioned cane basket; being rather short-sighted, Mr. Beverly imagined it to be a black-bird's cage, and considering the boy to be swinging it

along in a very barbarous manner, thereby endangering the supposed occupant's life, he then and there administered a severe box on the ear to the fancied delinquent, who showed that the basket contained nought but a piece of black oilskin, much to the poor man's confusion, who thrusting a shilling into the lad's hand to compensate for the unmerited punishment, walked quickly away, resolving to be more cautious for the future.

In his appearance he was tall and thin, and there was a good natured twinkle about his small grey eyes that reconciled one to features otherwise unprepossessing.

Just as Mr. Colinwood had ended his explanation of the way in which he had been led to invite yesterday's guests, Mr. Beverly was announced.

"Ah! good morning, Beverly," said Mr. Colinwood, "you are an early visitor, but a most welcome one."

"I have just looked in to see how my little girl is to-day," replied he, giving Ellen a

heartly kiss, "and to bring her a present which I had not an opportunity of offering her yesterday, for she cut me last evening completely."

"I tell you what, Miss, I shall get jealous of that Mr. Beaumont, if I see any more flirting going on."

Ellen, blushing, pretended to be wholly engrossed by undoing the string which encircled the parcel Mr. Beverly had put into her hand; and as soon as she had effected the operation, she drew forth a jeweller's case, containing a beautiful cameo brooch. After thanking the kind old man, Ellen told him that she and her father had arranged to leave England the next Friday, and asked him if he would not join them and go to Paris too.

"You know I can refuse you nothing, little woman," answered he, "so I shall forthwith make my arrangements; but I warn you, I shall be a sad plague by reason of my hatred for all foreign customs, and therefore shall be terribly hard to please."



“Oh! we know what a grumbler you are, so shall not pay any attention to your complaints,” said Mr. Colinwood, laughing, “therefore pray give us the pleasure of your company.”

“I shall be delighted,” replied Mr. Beverly, “to do so since you promise such indulgence to my faults.”

“What did you think of little Miss Percival,” asked Ellen; “is she not a pleasant woman?”

“I think,” said Mr. Beverly, “she worries those two pretty nieces of hers shamefully; from what little I saw of her yesterday, she seems to have a very long tongue.”

“Oh! you rude man,” exclaimed Ellen; “I mean you to marry her some day, so take care what you say about her, lest when the fatal knot be tied I turn ‘king’s evidence.’”

“Heaven forbid!” said the old man, with a ludicrous grimace; “why she would talk me into my grave in less than a month.”

“You may depend upon it she would not let you scamper after all the boys whom you

see carrying milliners' baskets!" remarked Mr. Colinwood drily.

Mr. Beverly faintly smiled, but it was evident the subject was distasteful, for he changed the conversation by asking Ellen if she would go with him to an exhibition of paintings, for which he had some orders.

"With much pleasure," she replied, and left the room to prepare for the walk. Not being one of those young ladies who require "only a minute" to get ready in, and then keep you waiting half-an-hour, she was soon dressed, and giving her father a kiss, she took Mr. Beverly's arm, and they set off at a quick pace, for the weather was intensely cold.

Mr. Beverly was just commencing one of his long histories about some cruelly-used dog, when looking at Ellen to see if she were interested in the recital, he perceived her colour rise as she bowed to some one; turning his head he perceived Mr. Beaumont, who immediately stopped. After the usual English fashion, the weather was the first

topic of conversation; when that was exhausted, Mr. Beaumont inquired whither Ellen was going.

Before she could reply, Mr. Beverly informed him they were on their way to view some exquisite paintings, and offered him a ticket which would admit him any day.

"You are very kind," said Mr. Beaumont; "as I have nothing particular to do I will join you now, if not intruding."

Mr. Beverly assured him his doing so would afford them pleasure; and as Ellen did not look as though she disapproved of his accompanying them, he went.

The paintings were very fine, and as Ellen and her two companions were great lovers of the fine arts, they were all equally delighted.

Ellen had quitted Mr. Beverly's arm, and had wandered on in advance of the gentlemen, when her attention was arrested by a small, though beautifully finished painting; the subject was touching: it portrayed a richly furnished bedroom; beside the bed knelt a

young girl, her hands clasped, and her whole attitude betokening intense grief; on the floor, beside her, lay an open letter. What a host of sad thoughts did it not bring to the mind of the beholder?

Despair—a broken heart—the knell of human happiness! all were distinctly there to be seen. With a shudder, Ellen turned to the number in the catalogue which the picture bore: “The Mail Day,” was the title given to it.

“What is the matter, Ellen,” asked Mr. Beverly, as he stopped beside her, and observed her eyes filled with tears and her cheeks as pale as death.

“I am very foolish,” said she, with a faint smile; “but there was something in this painting that affected me deeply. I feel,” added she, “as though it were, in some way, connected with me.”

“You little superstitious girl!” exclaimed her kind friend, as he drew her away. “I shall scold you if you get so fanciful.”

Although he tried to laugh at her, Mr.

Beverly himself felt sad ; he was inclined to be superstitious ; and Ellen's earnest look, fixed so intently on the painting, troubled him ; and many a time did he remember it, when some years had intervened between the presentiment and——But I anticipate.

After viewing all the several galleries, they once more returned to the busy streets, and Ellen soon forgot her sad forebodings in listening to Mr. Beaumont's animated conversation.

He accompanied them as far as the end of Welbeck Street, where Mr. Colinwood's house was situated, and then bade them adieu.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Come, firm resolve, take thou the van,  
Thou stalk o’ carl-hemp in man !  
And let us mind faint heart ne’er wan  
A lady fair.”

“So you will not go with me this evening?”  
said Ellen to her father on the morning of  
the ball.

“No, my dear, I should prefer staying  
at home; and as Mrs. Dickenson has kindly  
offered to take you under her protection,  
I shall be quite easy on your account.  
You had better send a note round this



morning, to ask what time you shall call for her."

"I will do so immediately," replied Ellen, as she seated herself at her writing desk.

All that day Ellen was what is commonly called *nervous*. She could not read; she felt no inclination to work: why she was thus anxious she did not stop to inquire. At last, about four o'clock, she was suddenly seized with apprehension that Madame Belletaille would forget to send home her dress (not that she had ever failed her before); therefore, hastily putting on her bonnet, she walked round to the French dressmaker's residence to ask if the dress were finished, and to beg it might be sent home by seven o'clock at the latest.

The fresh air and the exercise restored her, somewhat, to her wonted placidity, and she returned, feeling all the better for the exertion; and when Mr. Colinwood came home to dinner, he said she looked more blooming than she had done for some time.

He had brought her a beautiful bouquet for the evening, with which she was delighted.

After dinner she left her father to read the newspaper, and adjourned to her dressingroom, where she found her handsome, but simple white silk dress ready for her. She was not long over her toilette, and as soon as it was ended she returned to the drawing-room to take tea with her father before she left for the ball.

Well might Mr. Colinwood look admiringly at her as she entered the room, for she certainly was charming; the dress fitted her to perfection, and the light blue flowers intermixed with silver, which she had placed gracefully on either side of her head, and which drooped on her beautifully white shoulders, contrasted well with her light brown hair.

“I am almost sorry I am not going with you, my darling,” said he, as he came forward and kissed her glowing cheek. “I should like to witness the sensation you

will create this evening; I fear you will cause many an honest heart to ache."

"Hearts are not so susceptible in the present day, dear papa; I dare say when you were young they were more easily won."

She sat down at the tea table and chatted away with her father till the carriage was announced. Carefully folding her opera cloak round her, her proud father led her down stairs.

When she arrived at Mrs. Dickenson's she alighted, and was conducted into the drawing-room, which was vacant: the servant said his mistress would be down directly, and quitted the room. Presently she heard a carriage stop, and in a few minutes Mr. Beaumont entered; he seemed delighted to find her there already, and was devoutly wishing the other two ladies might be yet another hour dressing, when they came in. Jane looked handsomer than ever. She wore a pink dress and white flowers in her raven black hair; she welcomed Ellen

in cordial terms, and said "she hoped Mr Beaumont was not tired of waiting."

He hastened to assure her he had been there but a few minutes.

They now prepared to start, and in a short time drove up at Mrs. Cleveland's house in Portman Square.

Mr. Beaumont offered his arm to Jane; and Ellen followed with Mrs. Dickenson, who lost no time in introducing the many young men who crowded round her to our heroine, who soon had her card filled up; but she took care to put a mark at numbers two, five, and nine, which were the dances for which she was engaged to Mr. Beaumont.

A quadrille was now formed, and Mr. Seymour led Ellen to a set not yet complete. Seeing Mr. Beaumont with Jane, seeking a place, he asked him to be their *vis-à-vis*, which was eagerly agreed to by the gentleman. Jane, though obliged to look pleased, would have preferred any other set.

When Mr. Beaumont came to claim

Ellen's hand for the second dance, Mrs. Dickenson laughingly said "he was too late, as Ellen's card was quite filled up."

"You have forgotten, then, to reserve the three dances for which I solicited your hand," said he, turning to Ellen with a reproachful look.

"No, indeed, I have not," said she, smiling; "I have put a mark against all of them you see." Here she handed him the card.

Returning it, he thanked her for her kind remembrance, and led her away, much to Miss Dickenson's displeasure, who found she was outwitted just when she expected to complete a triumph.

Mr. Beaumont danced very little; except the three dances with our heroine and one or two with Jane, he remained an inactive spectator; his eyes followed Ellen's graceful movements unceasingly, he was now decidedly in love with her, and he only waited an opportunity to declare his sentiments: this was soon afforded him. He had gone into the refreshment room, whither our

heroine had repaired with her last partner, who chanced to be Mr. Seymour ; being on most intimate terms with his cousin, and finding the inner room entirely deserted, Mr. Beaumont took him by the arm and gave him to understand he wished to speak with Ellen alone. Mr. Seymour good naturedly said to her, “ Mr. Beaumont tells me my mother has been inquiring for me—will you excuse me if I leave you in his care for a few minutes, while I ascertain her wishes ?” Ellen smilingly bowed assent, and the young man departed.

“ Do you not think the inner room must be cooler than this ?” inquired her companion, and as he, at the same time, rose and offered his arm, Ellen could not refuse to go, without appearing somewhat prudish, so she acquiesced.

Seating himself beside her, he poured out his tale of love. Ellen listened with downcast eyes and quivering lips ; she could not trust her voice to reply ; but when, after repeated entreaties for an answer, he took



her hand, she did not attempt to withdraw it, and for the first time raised her eyes to his: there he read all he wished to see, and he had just murmured that he would call on her father next day, when Mrs. Dickenson entered, and, saying something about not approving of *flirtations*, she laughingly drew Ellen away, but she did not mind, she felt so happy, almost too happy! She would have liked to have wept! What would she not have given to have been able to sit down alone, and think over the sweet words that had just been whispered in her ear? She had no further conversation with her lover, for as such she now looked upon Mr. Beaumont, except on general topics; Mrs. Dickenson, of course, as her chaperone, drove first to Welbeck-street, and set down our heroine, and on the door step Beaumont contrived to imprint, unseen by the occupants of the carriage, a burning kiss upon her forehead—the first kiss of love she had received—was it to be the last?

Dismissing her maid as soon as she had

divested herself of her ball-dress, Ellen sat down to meditate on her present position and future prospects.

Oh! what a bright dream is youth's first dream of love! She saw no obstacles to impede her happiness; her father would not refuse his consent to their union; they each had wealth; and their love was genuine, fond, and she thought "true:" then why those burning, bitter tears? That picture again rises before her eyes! Why could she not forget it? Was it a presentiment of coming evil? she asked herself, as she walked up and down her room, too excited to sleep or even to desire repose. An hour did she thus pass—tormenting herself at one moment by fears at present unfounded, and the next amusing herself with building gay and gorgeous airy castles.

At last, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she retired to bed, but not to rest, for although she slept, dreams disturbed her, and she arose in the morning feverish and languid.

At breakfast she recounted all that had taken place at the ball, *excepting* the most important event; why she did not tell of that she scarcely knew, but she thought she would rather her father heard the tale from Mr. Beaumont than from her.

How slowly passed the hours! At what time would he be likely to call? Would her father be at home? Should she remain in? All these questions she repeatedly asked herself, without being able to answer any of them satisfactorily.

At length, about one o'clock, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she ordered the carriage and drove for nearly two hours in the park. She felt restless and nervous, and the feeling she was moving about, though with no definite purpose, quieted her, and at the end of that time she pulled the check-string and said "Home" to the footman.

As the carriage issued from Park-lane, she observed a large crowd collected; so dense was it that her coachman, as well as

several others, was obliged to draw up, unable to proceed.

Ellen gazed anxiously out of the window, to try and discover the cause of this unusual assembly, when presently she observed the crowd give way on either side, and to her horror she saw four policemen issue forth, bearing the apparently lifeless, and bleeding form of a man! She sank back, nearly fainting, and had scarcely recovered when she reached home.

She did not see her father till they met at dinner. While the servant was in the room she, of course, expected no allusion to Mr. Beaumont's visit; but when dessert had been placed on the table, and he had withdrawn, she was rather surprised that her father continued to converse only on general matters. At last, unable to endure the suspense, she said, "Did any one call whilst I was out this afternoon, papa?"

"Only Miss Percival, my dear: she came to beg you would go with her to-morrow to a fancy bazaar, at which her nieces have a stall."

“ And of course you told her I could not do so, as we were going to Paris,” said Ellen.

“ No, I did not, Ellen; for I am sorry to say I shall not be able to go this week, for I have some particular business to transact for one of my clients, which will detain me in London till towards the end of next week.”

“ Oh! I am so glad!” exclaimed Ellen.

“ Glad! are you? why I thought you were so anxious to go?”

“ I mean,” said Ellen, blushing deeply, “ I am glad, because I shall have time to rest myself, for,” added she, “ I feel dreadfully tired to day.”

“ Well then, perhaps I was wrong to tell Miss Percival you would be ready to accompany her to the Hanover Square rooms, where this bazaar is to be held to-morrow, at three o'clock.”

“ Oh! I shall have quite recovered by then,” said Ellen, “ and shall have much pleasure in going with her.”



Here followed a pause. Finding her father remained silent upon the subject nearest her heart, she felt doubly anxious, and, scarcely able to conceal her disquietude, she withdrew to the drawing-room. But solitude was painful in her present state of mind. Once she felt almost indignant at Mr. Beaumont's breaking his word; then she thought she was unjust to condemn him unheard; perhaps he had been summoned to some patient in a precarious state, and was e'en now engaged in his painful duties.

As she sat thus musing, she was aroused by the entrance of the servant bringing the second edition of the "*Times*."

More for the sake of passing the time than from any desire to know its contents, she took it up, and almost the first thing that caught her eye was, "Dreadful accident!" She had not proceeded very far when she uttered a faint cry and fell senseless to the ground.



## CHAPTER VII.

“ Good luck, we know not what to-morrow brings—  
Strange fluctuation of all human things !”

COWPER..

THE morning after the ball Mr. Beaumont rose up considering himself the happiest of men, and truly he was as happy as mortal could be for the time being. He ordered his horse for a much earlier hour than usual, as he determined to make his professional visits betimes, that he might be sure of leisure for his call in Welbeck Street.

He had just seen his last patient, and was returning home at a quick pace in order to make some change in his dress, ere he paid the eventful visit, when, in turning the corner of Great Cumberland Street, a cab coming in the opposite direction drove against his horse with such violence, that the poor animal was thrown down, and the cab passed over Mr. Beaumont's arm, whilst one leg was fearfully crushed beneath the horse. He was picked up bleeding and insensible; the terrified groom, who was at some distance behind his master at the time of the accident, gave the required address, and then rode furiously home to inform Mrs. Mutton of the sad calamity. The poor woman was almost beside herself with grief; but she summoned all her fortitude, and dispatched the groom for two or three of Mr. Beaumont's professional friends, while she and the other servants made hasty preparations for the reception of their unfortunate master.

With measured tread the policemen pro-

ceeded slowly on their way, and in about twenty minutes' time they reached Portland Street (where Mr. Beaumont's house was situated), still followed by the crowd; they bore him into the hall, and the servants at once closed the door : he was still insensible, when they gently laid him on the bed.

Mrs. Mutton, with blanched cheek and streaming eyes, stood by, anxiously listening for the arrival of one of the three medical men who had been sent for. At last she heard the welcome knock, and presently Mr. Seymour and an elderly surgeon entered the room; they proceeded to examine and dress the broken limbs, for both arm and leg were fractured ; his head was also much contused ; and when their task for the time was ended, they turned away from the bed with sad and grave faces.

Mr. Seymour, who loved his cousin as a brother, avowed his determination to remain the night with him, and requested Mr. Phillips to call again in the evening to consult with him on their patient's condition.

The painful operation of setting his arm and leg, had roused Mr. Beaumont from the state of insensibility, in which he had hitherto remained, but groans were the only signs of life that he gave.

Mr. Seymour, as soon as Mr. Phillips had departed, asked for writing materials, and dispatched a hasty note to Mr. Beaumont's only brother, also in the medical profession, residing at Scarborough, to apprise him of the melancholy accident.

This task accomplished, the young man again returned to the bedside of his sick friend. Mr. Beaumont had not once opened his eyes since they had first placed him on the bed; but from the contracted brow and compressed lips, it was easy to see he was suffering great pain; he had not spoken, therefore his friend knew not if he were conscious of what had really befallen him.

It was a beautiful sight to see that young and healthy man watching beside the couch of the pale suffering one; had any one been present, Charles Seymour would have seated

himself at some distance, and contented himself with giving utterance to sundry common-place remarks respecting his friend's sad accident, for he was one of those who feel deeply, but endeavour to hide their best and holiest feelings under the mask of gaiety and apparent levity.

But there was now no eye to watch him save that of Him who would think it no ill to act as he was now acting.

With a hand as gentle as that of any woman did he wipe the dews of agony from the pallid brow ; and when the sick man at length opened his eyes and fixed them on him with a vacant stare, at the same time muttering some incoherent words, his own filled with tears, and he turned away, unable to gaze longer on a scene so painful.

Ere Dr. Phillips came Mr. Beaumont was in a high fever, two deep red spots on the otherwise pale cheeks showed how it raged. He talked incessantly, sometimes merely uttering words of tenderness and endearment ; then again he would break out in

invectives against some person or persons for a supposed injury or grievance ; he kept on turning his head, first one side and then the other, with a restless, wearisome motion, most painful to behold.

Still did his friend keep silent watch ; and when night came on, and Mrs. Mutton began to make preparations for sitting up with her master, Mr. Seymour begged her to retire to rest, assured her he meant to watch the patient through the night, and told her that she would really be able to be of more service next day, if she would take her wonted rest. The old lady very reluctantly acceded to his request, and having seen that he wanted for nothing, and exacted a promise that, in the event of her master getting worse, he would ring a bell which communicated with her room, she retired, leaving him to his lonely watch.

Wearily the hours passed. The low moans of the patient seemed to keep up a perpetual race with the measured ticking of the clock—nothing else broke the stillness of that long,



long night: ever and anon Mr. Seymour moved from the fireside to the bed to moisten the parched lips of the invalid, and to feel his pulse; still he kept up the restless movement of his head, never stopping, never altering his position.

Seymour knew that his friend's life was in danger; and he longed for morning, when fresh advice should be sought and his responsibility shared with others.

Wearily the hours passed, and still the same low moans—still the same restless movement! then he stopped, and in a voice firm and clear he said, "Seymour, she is mine!"

Quickly did his cousin turn to the bed, vainly hoping reason had once more resumed her sway, but the head had again begun its restless motion, and the low moans again broke forth.

This set Seymour musing: he recollected his cousin's request the night before to leave him alone with Ellen; he remembered how happy and gay he seemed during the rest

of the evening, and he now asked himself "if those words but just now uttered were indeed words of truth." If so, what would that poor girl feel when the dreadful news should reach her? He listened intently whenever Beaumont spoke, vainly endeavouring to catch some meaning from his incoherent talk. But nothing more transpired to confirm his suspicions; and after as weary a night as ever he had passed, he found his cousin still delirious, and still in imminent danger. At seven o'clock Dr. Phillips again called, and, like Seymour, he despaired of his patient's life.

All that day he remained in the same state, neither better nor worse.

Further advice was had; and all agreed that, unless the fever soon abated, he must die. Sad fate for one just in the full enjoyment of that life which once promised to be a long and prosperous one!—when he had almost secured the hand of the woman he so dearly loved! Sad for him! still more sad for her!

It is five o'clock in the afternoon; Mr. Seymour has returned from making a few visits to some of his patients, and has again taken up his station by his cousin's bed.

The door opens and Mrs. Mutton enters. After asking many questions respecting her master's condition, all of which Seymour answers with a melancholy shake of the head, she says, "I must beg you will go and lie down, sir, if it be only for a few hours; I will watch beside my poor master, and will immediately summon you should there be any appearance of danger."

Seymour feels that rest is needful, and at once complies with the good woman's request. How cautiously she watches him into his room, how eagerly she listens to catch any sound which may lead her to think he may have changed his mind! All is still; so she returns to the sick room, but not to stay: after *promising* to remain and watch, she actually leaves her master alone and unattended!

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Condemn’d to drag a hopeless chain,  
And yet in secret languish—  
To feel a fire in ev’ry vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish.”

WHEN Ellen opened her eyes, she found her father and Andrews, her maid, bending anxiously over her; by a painful effort, she grasped the reality of what had occurred, and burst into an agony of tears.

“ My dear child, what has happened ?” affectionately inquired Mr. Colinwood.

After several vain attempts to speak,

Ellen said she thought she had over-fatigued herself, and that the heat of the room had caused her to faint.

“ You had better retire to bed at once, my dear: a good night’s rest will set you to rights, I trust. Andrews, let me know how your mistress is when you have seen her to bed; and you had better sleep in her dressing-room to-night.”

“ I will do so, sir,” replied the old woman, who had once been Ellen’s nurse, and was now her waiting maid. She then led her from the room.

“ Dear me, dear me!” exclaimed Mr. Colinwood, as he took up the newspaper, and his eyes fell on the paragraph relating to Mr. Beaumont’s accident: “ Mr. Beaumont thrown from his horse, and nearly killed!—how very sad! I must tell Andrews to be sure and not mention the circumstance to Ellen, as in her present state it might agitate her.” Little did the good man think, that that very paragraph had been the cause of his finding his daughter

insensible when he came up from dinner!

How wise and cautious do we think ourselves! How blind and weak we are!

The next morning Ellen awoke somewhat refreshed, but a weight lay on her heart, a weight which she thought she must conceal from every eye, and therefore the more burthensome to bear, for into what crooked paths and thorny ways might she not be compelled to enter to hide her heavy load? Her greatest effort was to appear cheerful while so sad ; she had a strong will, and she succeeded so as to deceive her father, and lead him to think she was both well and happy.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Beverly called, and as her father had pressing business, she was left to entertain him ; she could not deceive *him*, for he at once asked her what was the matter, and would not rest till she had told him all ; but before doing so, she made him promise the most profound secrecy. It was strange to see that fair



young girl thus pouring out her tale of love and sorrow; still more strange, to watch the eagerness with which Mr. Beverly listened to her. Strange as it appeared, Ellen could not have selected a more sincere or sympathizing *confidant*: those two beings, so different in outward form, were in heart the same, each understood the other, and therefore, when Ellen had ended her confession, the old man kissed her flushed cheek, and bade her cheer up, for there was still hope.

“Still hope!” she exclaimed—“do you mean to tell me there is danger?” and overcome by the dreadful picture his words had brought before her eyes, she sank weeping into a chair. For some time Mr. Beverly’s efforts to calm her were unavailing; at length, however, she subdued her emotion sufficiently to listen to her kind adviser, who informed her of the danger in which her lover was at present—that he had just been to call, and he had learned that Mr. Beaumont was still delirious, and in a most precarious state.

Suddenly Ellen rose, and with a voice quivering with emotion said, "I must see him, and you must enable me to do so!" "See him!" exclaimed her companion, with a look of astonishment—"impossible! My dear Ellen, you do not know what you are saying."

"I know that unless I see him I shall never be happy again," she replied, vehemently; "I know I cannot do so openly, on account of 'the world'—here she slightly curled her lip—"but we must think of some way in which I can see him. Oh! if he die!"

Sobs deep and convulsive choked the words she would have uttered, and once more she gave way to uncontrollable grief. Much concerned to see her thus affected, Mr. Beverly took her hand, and gently chafing it with his own, tried to comfort her, and at last succeeded, by saying, "Unless you rouse yourself, my poor child, it will be too late to devise any means for accomplishing what you desire."

In an instant she became once more calm, and after sitting silent for a few minutes she said,

“I have often heard Mr. Beaumont speak of his housekeeper, Mrs. Mutton, as being a most kind and faithful creature. You must, dear Mr. Beverly, go round and confide my secret to this good woman, under strict promise of secrecy, and, I doubt not, her love for her master will urge her to think of some scheme by which I may see him: you will do this for me, will you not?”

“I would do more to see you look once again as you were wont, my dearest Ellen: I will go directly; you will remain at home till I return.”

Ellen now, for the first time, remembered the engagement her father had made for her to go with Miss Percival to the fancy bazaar; so she arranged that Mr. Beverly should meet her there, as soon as he should have executed his commission.

With a heavy heart she equipped herself for the gay crowd in which she was about

to mingle, and had just descended to the drawing-room when Miss Percival arrived. "I am afraid I am rather late," said that good lady, as they drove to the Hanover Square Rooms, "but I was unavoidably detained." Ellen assured her she had not waited long, as she had had a visitor with her all the morning who had not long left her.

The rooms were very full when they arrived; and at any other time Ellen would have enjoyed the novelty and amusement, but with her present feelings all seemed indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit." When they came to the stall at which the Misses Lloyd were presiding, she was astonished to see, among the many beautiful articles displayed for sale, five live kittens: these last novelties had been brought at Miss Percival's request. She was a warm admirer of the feline race, and judging other people by herself, she thought she could not do better than have the last offsprings of her favourite pussy offered for sale, comforting herself by the false assurance, that as the

bazaar was held for some notable charity, none but the *charitable* would purchase the kittens; she had some eight or nine cats of her own, and as she never allowed any of their descendants to perish miserably in a pail of cold water, she was in the habit of making her friends presents of all those she could not retain in her own household; she had vainly entreated most of her acquaintances to accept one of these last five, so thought the fancy fair would be an admirable way of securing their future comfort. Her nieces had begged hard to be spared the annoyance of disposing of them, but the little old maid was firm, so they were obliged to submit.

They had not been long at the stall when they were joined by Mr. Beverly, who, with his usual good nature, began to purchase a number of things, all of which he afterwards thrust into Ellen's muff. As he generally did everything in a hurry, and was always highly nervous in ladies' society, in his confusion he placed his

hat on the stall next a heap of anti-macassars, on the top of which one of the kittens was gambolling; the little creature at length fell into the hat, and finding its efforts to issue from its position unavailing, nestled down very quietly at the bottom of it.

Having completed their purchases, the party left the stall, and Mr. Beverly placed his hat on his head, but had scarcely done so when he, naturally, felt something rather heavy struggling about in it. With a loud exclamation he took it off; when, to the amusement of the by-standers, poor little pussy was displayed to view, vainly endeavouring to disentangle her claws from Mr. Beverly's wiry locks, for be it said *en passant* that gentleman's hair suggested to the beholder the idea, that in his youth he had received a dreadful shock to the nervous system, which had caused it to erect itself, with such good will, that neither brush nor comb had ever been able to bring it to a natural condition!

Just as Ellen was in the act of joining in



the merry laugh this accident had raised, Seymour passed by, and coldly returned her bow of recognition.

He had come to call Dr. Phillips, who was supposed to be there with his daughters, and when, after having pictured Ellen to himself as absorbed in grief and broken-hearted, he saw her laughing in the midst of that gay band of "time-killers," his indignation was roused against her, and he left the bazaar muttering to himself, "Better he should die, than live to wed such a heartless piece of wax-work as that." He resolved, as he again bent his steps towards his poor friend's house, to do all he could to open his eyes as to Ellen's real character, should it please God to spare his life.

So Ellen, at the very time she stood in need of friends, had most unconsciously made herself an enemy.

Mr. Seymour's cold salutation did not strike her at the time, but she thought it strange *he* should be in such a place, and his cousin, whom he professed to love so

sincerely, lying dangerously ill; she never thought that she was doing the very thing for which she blamed him; and yet she loved Beaumont far more deeply!

Thus are we ever ready to pass judgment on others, even while acting similarly to them.

Miss Percival, as soon as she had rescued the kitten and Mr. Beverly from their embarrassing position, insisted upon the poor man's buying the little animal, which he at last consented to do, and paid the required half-crown.

Ellen now, heartily tired of looking at the different stalls, asked Miss Percival to excuse her, and said "she would return home with Mr. Beverly, who was always ready to be her escort."

They left the gay scene, and then Mr. Beverly told Ellen the result of his mission. He had inquired at once for Mrs. Mutton, who soon made her appearance, and invited him into her master's study; he briefly told her his errand, concealing Ellen's name, and

merely stating that the young lady was engaged to her master, but as the engagement had not been made known she wished to see him alone, and without any one else hearing of it. The old lady, touched by the proof of affection thus manifested, gave the required promise of secrecy, which was, that without the young lady's permission she was never to tell of the visit, even to her master. She then said "she would prevail upon Mr. Seymour to take a few hours' rest when he came in, which would probably be about five o'clock ; and therefore, if Mr. Beverly would bring the lady at six o'clock, she would most likely be able to see Mr. Beaumont without fear of interruption."

Unable to bear inaction, Ellen proposed that they should drive to Mr. Beverly's house, and leave the parcels, and from thence proceed to Mr. Beaumont's.

This they accordingly did, and, at a quarter to six, they started for Portland Street; arrived at the door, Mr. Beverly left Ellen, who was to ask for Mrs. Mutton.

She had on a thick veil and the night being dark, there was no fear of her being recognized; the footman left her standing in the hall, and in a few minutes, which appeared to her as so many hours, Mrs. Mutton made her appearance with the footman, to deceive whom she held out her hand to Ellen, and said, "How do you do, my dear; I hope you have had a safe journey?" and not waiting for any reply, she led our heroine up stairs. When they reached the door of the sick chamber she paused, and bade Ellen wait while she listened to see if Mr. Seymour were quiet in his room. She soon returned, and saying "All is safe!" told Ellen to follow her into the room.

Beaumont, still in a high fever, was again restlessly turning his head from side to side; as Ellen came to the bed, for a moment he stopped, and fixed his black eyes on her face, but without any appearance of consciousness. With a loud sob, Ellen sank down on her knees by the bed-side, and long and earnestly did

she pray for her lover's recovery; then rising, the tears still flowing fast, she took a small gold ring from her hand, and placed it upon the little finger of his left hand, then, with a voice scarcely audible, she said to Mrs. Mutton :

“If he live, never tell him where that ring came from; and let it be buried with him, should he—”

Grief prevented her finishing her sentence, but the good woman understood her meaning but too well, and hastened to take her proffered hand, and promised, by all she held sacred, to obey her injunctions.

Ellen knowing her stay must be short, now stooped down and imprinted a kiss on her lover's flushed cheek, the first kiss she had ever given him.

She quitted the room, followed by Mrs. Mutton, and was soon in the street, where she found her faithful friend patiently waiting for her.

Without one word, he offered her his arm, and they pursued their way in total

silence. He respected her grief, and would have considered it sacrilege to have asked her one question on the subject of her late visit; he had helped her to it, but now it was over, it was never to be touched upon, at least by him.

When they had nearly reached home, Ellen asked him to stay to dinner; which he at once, consented to do, knowing full well how much his doing so would tend to lighten the task of concealing her grief from her father.

By one false step Ellen had entered a maze of troubles, had she followed the dictates of conscience, and told her father immediately of Mr. Beaumont's proposal, all or at least a great part of this misery might have been saved her, as the sequel will show.



## CHAPTER IX.

“And which was strange, the one so like the other  
As could not be distinguished but by names.”

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE following Monday Mr. Colinwood announced that the business, which had prevented their departure, was well nigh concluded, and therefore he thought they might start on Thursday.

Ellen had no excuse to offer for a postponement, so quietly consented.

One thing consoled her: Mr. Beaumont had been pronounced out of danger, and was in a fair way to recover; indeed, from

the time of Ellen's visit he had given signs of returning reason. It would almost seem as though that ring, placed on his finger by the hand of affection, had possessed some magic influence, or, what is more probable and sweeter to believe, that the fervent prayer uttered by that fair girl, by the sick man's bed, had been not only heard, but answered.

When Mrs. Mutton returned to her master's room, after seeing Ellen safely out of the house, her joy was equalled by her surprise at finding him lying in a quiet sleep, his head no longer tossed to and fro, but reposing peacefully on the pillow, and the moans becoming fainter, and less painful to the ear, every moment.

He slept thus for many hours, and when he awoke he was no longer delirious, but considerably better. To his joy he found his brother and cousin both with him; the former having arrived about nine o'clock. He was too weak to be able to enjoy thoroughly the pleasure his brother's visit occasioned

him; but to know that he was near, and to lie idly watching all his movements, was indeed delightful.

They were twins and singularly alike. Our hero, William Beaumont, was rather taller than his brother Charles, but in face and figure the resemblance was striking: both had black hair and black eyes; each had a clear brown complexion; and each possessed that bright high colour, so beautiful, yet so rarely to be seen, even among England's sons. In disposition they differed, inasmuch as the former was fond of society, and was of a lively temperament; while the latter, though equally well informed and amiable, liked better a quiet, secluded life.

Having lost their parents when young, the ties of brotherhood had drawn them nearer and nearer to each other.

When William, after some days, was enabled to converse with his brother without fear of a relapse, he told him, in presence of their cousin, that he was actually engaged to Ellen. Observing that Seymour, instead

of joining in his brother's congratulations, looked gloomy and dissatisfied, he said,

"Why, Seymour, man, I expected you would be overjoyed at my success, instead of looking like an ill-omened bird!"

"William, I have ever been your sincere friend and well-wisher; you cannot doubt my affection, therefore, I feel sure, you will attribute what I am about to say to the right motive, namely, a desire to see you happy, and," he added after a slight pause, "undeceived."

"Undeceived! good Heaven! what *do* you mean," exclaimed William, as he fixed his eyes, now flashing with excitement, on his cousin's face.

"I will tell you what I had once thought, and what I now think," said Seymour. "When I left you in the refreshment room with Miss Colinwood, at your desire, I devoutly wished you success, for I believed her to be worthy even of your noble heart. I think so *no* longer, for did she love you as you deserve to be loved, she would not have

been seen mixing in a gay crowd, at the Hanover Square Rooms, the very day after your accident."

"It is false! I will not believe it!" exclaimed William; "you have been misinformed."

"I saw her with my own eyes; and when I first caught sight of her, she was laughing immoderately, in the company of those oddities, Mr. Beverly and Miss Percival. She must have known of your illness, for both Mr. Beverly and Mr. Colinwood have called every day to inquire for you; therefore, my dear fellow, I cannot congratulate you on your engagement with such a heartless piece of humanity."

William fell back on his pillow, for under the excitement of the moment he had half raised himself in the bed and closed his eyes as if to shut out the image Seymour's words had conjured up.

Distressed to see his cousin so overcome, the young man's heart softened, and he would gladly have recalled them. He

hastened to take William's hand, and endeavoured to soothe him by suggesting that possibly Ellen had been led by circumstances into the scene he had just described as having witnessed, and that under a gay exterior she concealed an aching heart.

William could not reconcile such apparent indifference with real affection; he never doubted but she had informed her father of what had occurred between them the night of the ball—knowing her deep love for her only parent, he could not imagine she would conceal the fact from him; so he doubted her love, and he regretted having been so precipitate; and when, after a few days, he heard she had quitted London, he became almost frantic with mortification and grief.

In concealing his proposal from her father, Ellen had been actuated by feelings of delicacy; she thought that, perhaps, led away by the excitement of the moment, William had spoken more warmly than he might



have intended, and naturally shrinking from doing aught to remind him of what had transpired between them, she foolishly resolved to let him break the news first to her father. Could she have foreseen the dreadful accident he was so soon to meet with, doubtless she would have, at once, disclosed all to Mr. Colinwood, and in any case it was her duty to have done so: as her only protector, he had a right to her entire confidence; as her father, he had a still greater claim to it.

Thus a false, though admirable feeling of delicacy, led her to do what, upon reflection, she knew and felt to be wrong; but the knowledge of her error came too late, at least she thought so, therefore believed concealment to be still more necessary.

She was much more to be pitied than blamed; she had no female friend in whom she could confide, or of whom she could ask advice. Although much attached to Jane, an instinctive feeling prompted her

to shun her as a confidant, and well was it that she did so.

The news of William's accident soon reached Jane, as she was acquainted with many of his friends ; and I will do her the justice to say that her anger was for a time, at least, changed to pity, and she made her mother send every day to inquire after the invalid. When, however, his brother called to return thanks in person for the kind inquiries made, and stated that William would probably be lamed for life, Jane's enthusiasm abated considerably, and she began to ask herself if she *could* put up with a lame husband ?

What conclusion she came to the reader will learn as he proceeds ; at present we must prepare to leave London and its denizens, and accompany our heroine on her journey to Paris.

## CHAPTER X.

“One pledge of former joy,  
One source of bliss to come, remained—her boy!”

MONTGOMERY.

It was a cold bleak day, that twenty-sixth of January, 1850, when, accompanied by Mr. Beverly and her father, Ellen left her home to visit a foreign country for the first time; she had recovered her spirits, for youth is ever hopeful, and as soon as it was reported that William was out of danger, and recovering, though slowly, she ceased to torment herself; for she, never doubting his constancy and affection, be-

lieved he would immediately, upon regaining his health, hasten to ask her father's consent to their union. Anxious she was naturally, for she could only hear of him indirectly for some time to come. Once or twice she asked herself why he had not found some means to assure her of his continued love, knowing as he did how soon she was to quit England; but then she remembered his position, at present, was as embarrassing as her own, and blamed herself for suffering even a doubt to cross her mind.

In order to reach Folkstone in time for the first packet to Boulogne, the travellers were obliged to start early; Mr. Beverly had slept in Welbeck Street the preceding night, as Ellen said, otherwise, he would never be ready in the morning.

By eight o'clock they were in the train. It was one of those raw, foggy days peculiar to the English climate, when, in spite of cloaks and railway rugs, the cold seems to grasp hold of you with the full deter-

mination to try your temper to the utmost; however, our travellers bore up bravely against the many discomforts of the journey, but they were not sorry when at Reigate they had to change carriages; for the mere act of walking from one train to the other served to raise their drooping spirits. In the carriage they now entered was an old lady, and in a very short time Ellen ceased to think of her present discomfort, in an animated conversation with her fellow passenger. There was something so placid and gentle about the old lady that she felt irresistibly drawn towards her. Ellen was entertained by her companion relating many an anecdote of foreign climes and customs, for she had travelled much.

When nearly arrived at Folkstone, Mr. Colinwood asked the stranger if he could be of any service in looking after her luggage? She thanked him, but said "she had none with her, having only left Paris two days ago."

Mr. Colinwood, finding she was also pro-

ceeding to the French capital, proposed that they should make one party to the end of the journey, to which she smilingly assented.

“Have you resided long in Paris?” asked Ellen.

“For the last nine years of my life I have never quitted it until a few days since, when I was obliged to visit London. I do not like England, neither does my son; we prefer the more genial climate of sunny France to the damp and fogs of old England; and,” added she, while for the first time since the commencement of their conversation a shade of sadness crossed her brow, “my son has never been strong, and the English climate always affects his chest, therefore, my dear young lady, you will now understand why I prefer living in France—for he is my only son, my only child.”

“Do you happen to know a Mrs. Deywood,” inquired Mr. Beverly, as he turned towards her; “she resides in Paris?”



“I am very intimately acquainted with her, and have much pleasure in introducing her to you,” replied the old lady, as she bowed and smiled.

“Dear me, how very singular!” exclaimed he, as he eagerly grasped her extended hand; “you have forgotten me, I dare say; my name is Beverly.”

“Indeed I had not forgotten the best and kindest friend my poor husband ever had,” answered Mrs. Deywood, “though I confess I should not have recognized in you the hero of the Penelope, for thirty years have changed both you and me.”

“Ah,” almost sighed Mr. Beverly, “time has handled us pretty roughly, but though changed in appearance, I trust your heart is still as warm as when we were fellow travellers in the East, and that it will give you as much pleasure as it does me, to renew the friendship of former years.”

“Indeed,” replied Mrs. Deywood, “it affords me extreme delight to meet with you again. I have often wondered I had

never heard of you; and on my return to Europe, after passing twenty-one years in India, I made every inquiry, with the hope of discovering your abode. On his death bed"—here Mrs. Deywood's voice faltered—"my husband begged I would endeavour to find you; and I have a packet sealed with his own hand, which he charged me to give you. Thank God, I shall now be able to fulfil his dying wish."

Too much affected to reply in words, Mr. Beverly silently pressed the old lady's hand, and until the arrival of the train at Folkestone the conversation ceased, each one of the party feeling that to break the chain of fond recollections, conjured up by thoughts of the past, would be a species of sacrilege.

A few moments sufficed for the embarkation of our travellers, and in an equally short space of time the small French steamer was rolling and tossing 'mid the waves of the British Channel.

Ellen soon became too giddy and uncomfortable to remain on deck, so she gladly

accepted Mrs. Deywood's offer to conduct her to the cabin. There the kind old lady assisted her into a berth, and then quietly seated herself by her, apparently suffering no inconvenience from the motion of the vessel, which appeared to increase every moment.

Tired from the unusual fatigue she had undergone, Ellen soon sank into a quiet slumber. How long she had been asleep she knew not when she was awakened by the steamer becoming motionless; at the same time Mrs. Deywood gently told her they had reached Boulogne, and after assisting her to rise, she led the way on deck, where Mr. Colinwood and Mr. Beverly were awaiting them.

When Ellen first stepped on French ground, she was seized with the apprehension that another revolution was about to visit France, if indeed it had not already begun! To her inexperienced ear it appeared as though, each individual, of the large crowd gathered round the landing-place, had made

up his mind then and there to seek redress for some real or fancied grievance, and it needed all her father's eloquence to reassure her.

Having gone through the ordeal of the Custom House, the party proceeded to the Pavilion Hotel, where they intended remaining the night.

Ellen was charmed with the novelty of all she saw. Never having quitted England before, everything interested her; and had she not felt a sense of shame at having concealed Mr. Beaumont's proposal from her father, she would have been quite happy; but she could not shake off this feeling, she knew she had done wrong, she knew that, by acknowledging all, she would regain peace of mind, yet she had not the strength to make the avowal. Many a time when some kind look or word from Mr. Colinwood brought her fault more plainly before her, she was on the point of confessing it to him, when some interruption occurred, and her good intentions were frustrated.

Mrs. Deywood had expected to find her son awaiting her arrival at the hotel, and not finding him there she grew uneasy, not that she uttered one word of complaint—hers was a nature to endure without murmuring—but her usually calm look was replaced by one of anxious thought, which, however, was exchanged for a bright and loving smile; when after dinner, while seated with her new found friends round the blazing wood fire, the door opened, and a tall, noble looking young man entered.

Oscar Deywood at this time was about thirty years of age: though not at all handsome, there was in his face an intellectual expression mixed with melancholy, which at once struck the beholder, and roused a feeling of interest. He was slight, tall, and well made; his hair, of light brown, curled sufficiently to cause it to wave slightly across his high, white forehead. He wore a small moustache and no whiskers, which gave him rather a foreign appearance; yet in his up-

right, easy deportment, there was marked, unmistakeably, the "English gentleman."

Bowing to the three strangers, Oscar walked to meet his mother, whom he greeted with a smile and kiss.

"I am afraid you must have thought me negligent," said he, "but I unfortunately missed the first train through the stupidity of my servant, who informed me it left at one o'clock, whereas, on reaching the terminus, I discovered it had started at half-past eleven."

"How much annoyance you would save yourself, dear Oscar," said his mother, "if you would depend less upon those about you, and more upon your own exertions! Let me now introduce you to my fellow travellers, I think I may say friends. Miss Colinwood, Mr. Colinwood, my son, of whom I have spoken to you."

"I shall claim the privilege of an old friend," said Mr. Beverly, holding out his hand to Oscar, "for I have carried you in my arms many a time."



Reference has before been made to Mr. Beverly's having saved Oscar's father's life.

For the enlightenment of my readers, I will, in a few words, explain the circumstances. While making a voyage to India with his wife and infant son, Colonel Deywood picked up his college friend Beverly at Malta, and easily persuaded him to pay a visit to the golden East. The colonel, having indulged in a somewhat lengthened bath one morning while on the voyage, was suddenly seized with cramp; and but for his friend, who jumped into the water without a moment's hesitation, would have, undoubtedly, been drowned.

So Mrs. Deywood had to thank our good old bachelor for three years more of happiness. At the end of that time the gallant colonel lost his life while bravely fighting in his country's cause.

Oscar took Mr. Beverly's proffered hand and smilingly asked to be favoured with the name of his *ci-devant* nurse?

"Oscar," said Mrs. Deywood, as a shade

of sadness passed over her face, "you see in Mr. Beverly your father's preserver."

Oscar again seized the old man's hand, and said the dearest wish of his life was now fulfilled; and his countenance betrayed his inward emotion.

The evening passed quickly away, and each of our social party retired to rest much pleased with the acquaintance—so strangely renewed in the one case, so agreeably commenced in the other.

The next day, after breakfast, the travellers visited the cathedral, as Mr. Colinwood wished Ellen to see the beautiful representation of Calvary, so admirably executed in the crypt.

Ellen was delighted with Oscar; his quiet manner, his ready wit, and his intellectual conversation, rendered him an agreeable and entertaining companion. For his part, he seemed equally pleased with her, so that in a short time they became great friends.

After an early dinner they all proceeded together to Paris, where they arrived about

ten o'clock; at the terminus they separated—Mrs. Deywood and her son to return home, and Mr. Colinwood, Mr. Beverly, and Ellen, to take up their abode at the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, in the Rue St. Honoré.

Thoroughly tired after their long journey, they retired to rest as soon as they had taken some “execrable tea,” as Mr. Beverly called it; indeed the good man had already commenced his grumbling, but as all his complaints were uttered with a merry smile, they only served to amuse his companions.

The excitement of the journey and the novelty of all she saw had, hitherto, prevented thoughts of William Beaumont from occupying much of Ellen's time; but now, in the stillness and solitude of her chamber, she began once more to harass herself with doubts and fears. And truly hers was no common case: she was, from foolishly hiding the fact from Mr. Colinwood, placed in a most awkward position; she had no means of even ascertaining how her lover was, except, indeed, from Miss Dickenson; she felt a re-

pugnance to allude in any way to him, yet she determined upon writing to her, and trusted in her answer Jane would give her some information respecting the invalid.

Although weary and tired, she would not seek the repose, she so much needed, until she had accomplished her task; so drawing forth her writing materials, she seated herself by the fire, and commenced her letter. In a few minutes she had completed a description of her journey and the impressions it had made on her; then her pen hovered listlessly over the paper. Should she say anything about William? She asked herself this question many times; but although her colour went and came, as the varied thoughts flitted through her busy mind, she concluded her letter without one word of inquiry respecting the one she loved most on earth.

Her task ended, she retired to rest—her anxiety, partially, relieved by the hope that Jane would soon reply to her letter, and that she would not fail to mention how William was going on.

## CHAPTER. XI.

—— “There’s villainy abroad :  
This letter will tell you more.”

LOVE’S LABOUR LOST.

MR. COLINWOOD remained a fortnight in Paris. During this time he visited with Ellen many of its monuments. The Louvre particularly delighted her: she roamed through its long galleries of paintings and sculpture with a pleasure before unfelt; for never had she seen, or even conceived the idea of so vast a structure filled with such noble works of art and genius. The Tuileries

interested her ; but she viewed, with sad feelings, the remains of the people's reckless fury ; for in the year, 1850, that chateau was still in disorder ; the few paintings that were left were torn by musket balls, or pierced by the sabres of the mad populace ; no furniture graced the lofty rooms—all had been burned, with the exception of one solitary chair, the work of Louis Philippe's Queen, that remained—but in what condition ?—the delicate embroidery was cut, literally, to pieces.

The environs of Paris were not forgotten by the indefatigable sight-seeing trio, and many a pleasant day was engraven on their memory, while occupied in visiting them. They explored the ancient chateau at Fontainebleau, containing so many interesting relics, and abounding in historical associations : what a host of memories of the past crowd on the mind at the sight of the table on which France's mighty Hero signed his abdication ! What sincere feelings of



pity arise, on visiting the rooms where Rome's proud pontiff was confined. Every room, every door, every window has its link to bygone times. In most of these excursions Mrs. Deywood or her son were of the party: the latter was of great assistance; having lived nearly all his life in France, he was thoroughly acquainted with every part of Paris and its environs, and this knowledge enabled him to show his friends many an interesting sight, which otherwise they might never have beheld. I will not tire the reader with the details of all they saw, but will merely state that Ellen's determination of staying in Paris was, if possible, stronger than when she had first proposed coming. During the fortnight her father had remained there, she had had but two letters from England—one from Miss Percival, and one from Jane: the former merely wrote to warn her against falling into the wicked ways of the "worthless Parisians," as she chose to call them. She mentioned Mr. Beaumont's name, and said she had

seen him out riding: this last assertion was untrue, although the little old lady erred most unconsciously, for not being aware of the arrival of his brother, she had mistaken Charles for William. Here was another source of disquietude for Ellen. She was thankful to hear that he had recovered so quickly, but if able to ride, surely he might have written either to her father or herself. Jane, maliciously, avoided alluding in any way to him in her letter, so poor Ellen was more unhappy than ever; yet, anxious as she was, she was glad the sea divided them, for she felt she could better forget his base and deceitful conduct, thus cut off from all chance of meeting him, than if, as would have been unavoidable, in England, she were constantly compelled to meet him, and with no palpable cause for treating him with the contempt she now felt he so richly deserved. For how could she suppose that a secret enemy was at work, undermining the very foundation of her earthly happiness?—she, who had never injured a human being, even

in thought ; she would have smiled had any one suggested the idea. Mr. Beverly, naturally anxious to know if she had had any news, was rather surprised to find his little favourite made no allusion to William ; however, he made up his mind to question her on the subject ere he departed, so embracing the opportunity afforded him by his having her by his side, while rambling in the park of St. Cloud, he hemmed once or twice, and then said, “ Ellen, my darling child, why have you ceased to confide your cares to your old friend ? nay, do not look so pained, but tell me frankly, have you heard anything of Mr. Beaumont ? ” For a moment Ellen was silent, and then coming close to Mr. Beverly’s side, and laying her hand caressingly on his arm, begged him never more to allude to that subject, and added, “ You know, dear Mr. Beverly, I should not be thus solicitous for silence, had I not very good reasons. It is all over between us ; but ask me not why or wherefore I entreat you.” Consternation was written in the old man’s

face, as he bent down to look at Ellen's, now flushed and suffused with tears; but her manner was so earnest, and his opinion of her good sense so high, that he asked for no further explanation. Silently pressing her hand, he quietly led her towards the rest of the party, and was not a little astonished when he saw that sweet little face, so lately sad and anxious, brighten up as Mr. Deywood advanced to meet her, bearing in his hand a magnificent bouquet of flowers, which he had bribed one of the gardeners to gather for him, and which he now presented to Ellen.

“ Well,” exclaimed the old bachelor, as he walked away by himself, “ I have heard it said that women are capricious; but had I not witnessed this sudden change in Ellen, I should have remained in ignorance of the truth contained in the assertion. Is it possible that, in little more than a month, she can have fallen in love, and out again for the matter of that, with one young man, and is now preparing for a second change? It

looks strangely like it," continued he, as he pushed his hat back, as was his wont, when unusually excited. "Well, poor child, I suppose it is in her nature, and she cannot help it; but I am sorry, very sorry. I am afraid she is not quite perfect after all: I always thought she was, and I never loved her so much, as when she insisted upon seeing that unfortunate young Beaumont. Who would have thought that such noble, disinterested affection could so soon become a thing of nought? I dare say now, if he had died, she would have gone into mourning, and have declared her utter inability ever again to mix in the world. Well, women are strange creatures—very strange indeed!"

The day passed at St. Cloud was the last of Mr. Colinwood's stay in Paris, and on leaving the palace, the whole party repaired to Mrs. Deywood's house to dine. In the evening Mr. Colinwood was to conduct Ellen to Madame de Courcelle's, where she was, at once, to take up her abode. The evening was a very pleasant one, although



many a sad thought obtruded itself on Ellen's mind; but she endeavoured to appear gay, and succeeded so well that Mr. Beverly was more than ever bewildered.

Mrs. Deywood asked Mr. Colinwood's permission to chaperone Ellen to some of the balls that season, and to other places of amusement. He willingly consented, and said, as her happiness was his chief object in life, he gave her *carte blanche* to amuse herself as much as she liked.

As the two gentlemen were to leave by an early train the next morning, Ellen prepared to depart directly after tea. Mrs. Deywood assured her that she would be a frequent visitor at Madame de Courcelle's, and begged she would always apply to her whenever she required a friend's advice or assistance. The luggage had been sent in the morning; so she, accompanied by her father and Mr. Beverly, drove at once to the Rue de la Franchise, where the school was situate. As all arrangements had been previously made, Mr. Colinwood contented himself with



placing his daughter under Madame de Courcelle's protection; and having charged Ellen to write to him often, and to spare no expense to ensure her future comfort, he hastily bade her adieu, neither he nor Mr. Beverly feeling equal to a protracted farewell.

What our heroine felt when she heard the large heavy gates close after her two fathers, as she was wont to call them, will be best learned by perusing a letter she wrote to little Miss Percival, some two or three days afterwards; it ran thus:—

“MY DEAR, KIND FRIEND,

“I duly received your long letter of the 25th instant, and should have replied to it sooner, had I had time to do so, but I have been, unceasingly, occupied in visiting some of the many delightful sights of this charming city; and really I have seen so much, and have reflected so little, that I dare not attempt to give you a description of any one of them until my judgment be matured by a second inspection.

“I shall, therefore, at once proceed to give you an account of my present abode and its principal occupants, or rather the opinion I have formed of it and them. Dear papa accompanied me here, on the eve of his departure; he remained but a short time, no doubt to avoid paining me by displaying the grief, I am sure he felt, at parting from me. I cannot tell you what a chill came over my heart, when I heard the carriage drive away, and I found myself, for the first time, a responsible actor on the world’s stage. I am here of my own free will, and yet I felt as only a prisoner can feel. The little French I once knew seemed, all at once, to have forsaken me, and to Madame de Courcelle’s kind inquiries, and polite advancements, I could make no reply further than was conveyed by a faint smile; presently she rang the bell, and having given some order to the footman, who answered it, she was again making an attempt to converse with me, when there entered a tall, thin, but exceedingly delicate looking girl, of about twenty years of age, whom she

introduced as her daughter Marie, and whom she at once charged to speak English to me; however, her efforts to make me comprehend were crowned with no better success, for her English was, if possible, more unintelligible than her mother's French. They were evidently beginning to think me uncommonly stupid, when the door again opened, and a little stout lady of about six-and-twenty appeared; she was presented to me as *la maîtresse d'Anglais*, and with her I was soon at home; she is exceedingly handsome, but the expression of her face is so highly vacant, that one soon tires of contemplating it. She asked me if I would like to go to my room; and upon my assenting to the proposal, thither I was conducted by the three ladies. A delightful wood fire was blazing and cracking, which imparted a feeling of comfort to my home sick heart; and having assured Madame de Courcelle that I required nothing farther, I was able to wish her '*bon soir*' with a really cheerful smile. She kissed me on either cheek, as did

Mademoiselle Marie (the daughter's usual appellation). To Miss Scott I tendered my hand, who seemed almost to think it a condescension, and took it doubtingly, which, when the door had closed, and I heard Madame de Courcelle's cold 'good night' to the poor English girl, set me thinking; and I came to the sad conclusion, that money, not only makes the man, but the woman too, in France as well as in sordid England. The next morning I was awakened by a maid entering my room somewhat abruptly, bearing a tray containing a hot roll, fresh butter, and some most delicious *café au lait*. Accustomed to the social English breakfast table, this appeared most strange; but I fear you will begin to scold me, when I tell you I am not only getting used to the custom, but find it both pleasant and convenient, as it saves much time; it would ill accord with your fixed principles of regularity and order, yet I should like you to come to Paris, if it were only to see the

contempt with which you would treat all these odd French fashions. At ten o'clock Madame de Courcelle visited me, dressed in an elegant *robe de chambre* and a neat little muslin cap, trimmed with handsome lace; she sat and chatted with me for some time, arranging my hours of study, &c. I am to have private lessons from one of the *maîtresses de classe* in my own room; and am to attend any of the classes in the schoolrooms *à discrétion*. She recommended my hiring a piano, which is to be placed in my bedroom. All this will appear as strange to you as it did to me at first, but I am getting used to this bedroom life; one can be as much alone as one pleases without, as would be the case in England, getting credit for being unsocial. At eleven o'clock we have what is called *le second déjeuner*, which consists of meat of various kinds, vegetables, fruit, preserves, cheese, and Bordeaux wine; we dine at six o'clock, after which the *dames en chambre* repair to the drawing-room, and partake of some excellent *café noir*; then,



after conversing with Madame de Courcelle and her guests (for she generally has visitors to dinner), we one by one slip away to our rooms; frequently several of us meet to spend the evening with one of the other parlour boarders, and enjoy ourselves not a little. I have provided myself with a teapot and some cups and saucers, etc., and intend shortly to give a *soirée* in my turn.

“I think I shall be very happy here, and intend next week to set to work and study in real earnest; hitherto I have been wholly occupied in wondering at the novelty of my new life, and making arrangements for future comfort by purchasing numerous articles wherewith to decorate my rooms, for, as yet, I am too English to think of giving up the word ‘comfortable.’ Give my kind love to Mary and Ada, and believe me to be, my dear Miss Percival,

“Yours, very sincerely,

“ELLEN.”

A few days after she had posted her letter



to Miss Percival, Ellen received a note from Mrs. Deywood, asking her if she would like to join a large party of her friends, who were going to take tickets for the approaching ball at the *jardin d'hiver*, at the same time offering to be her chaperone. Although not feeling at all disposed for gaiety, Ellen accepted the invite, knowing that her doing so would gratify the kind old lady. The day fixed for the ball was the 18th of February, so there was yet a fortnight to the time. The receipt of the following letter from Miss Percival astonished, as much as it amused, our heroine :

“ MY DEAR MISS COLINWOOD,

“ I know you will smile and think me very capricious, when I tell you I intend coming to Paris shortly, with my two nieces; but you must remember the old maxim, ‘ between two evils choose the least;’ and I find myself compelled to leave London immediately, through Ada’s folly in falling in love with Mr. Hinton, our curate,

a young man of good family certainly, but entirely dependent on his profession for a living; and as his income is between eighty and ninety pounds per annum, I think I am acting kindly, both by him and Ada, in taking measures for their immediate separation; for although, I wish to see the girls happily married, and intend to make each of them a present of a few thousand pounds, yet I expect they will at least choose a husband with enough to keep himself; and I, therefore, intend leaving London very shortly; it is too cold to go into the country, so I have resolved to try the Parisian life you seem to find so delightful; if Madame de Courcelle has two rooms vacant, I shall have much pleasure in taking up my abode with her. Your kind friend Mr. Beverly called on me a few days since; he talked much of you, and expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements you have made with Madame de Courcelle.

“He is an excellent man, no doubt, but I fear somewhat eccentric, as what I am about

to tell you will serve to prove ; after chatting with me and my two girls for upwards of an hour, he, suddenly, without stopping to take his hat, which, in his hurry he had let fall, darted out of the room and from the house, leaving all the doors open ; looking from the window to see if I could, in any way, account for this extraordinary conduct, I observed him rushing towards a little boy, who had previously been employed in vainly attempting to bury an old watering pot in the snow, but who, evidently finding himself the object of the old gentleman's wrath, made off at the top of his speed ; whereupon Mr. Beverly proceeded carefully to scrape away the snow from the watering pot, thereby leading me to suppose, that he had a fancy for such like articles, when he suddenly desisted, and with a very crest-fallen countenance returned to my house, and without making any apology for the very precipitate manner in which he had just left it, wished us good morning ; but as

he was in the act of shutting the door after him, he said with a kind of melancholy smile, 'I thought it was a cat!' and then disappeared; Poor man! I fear he must be a little touched; for I have not yet been able to discover his object in partly exhuming the broken watering can.

"Let me know, at your earliest convenience, if I can be accommodated at Madame de Courcelle's, and believe me, dear Miss Colinwood,

"Yours, very truly,

"SARAH PERCIVAL.

"P.S.—It is high time I left London, for I have seen Mr. Hinton pass the house three times while I have been writing this."

Ellen laughed heartily over this strange epistle, and rejoiced greatly in the prospect of having Mary and Ada as her companions; she therefore lost no time in seeking Madame de Courcelle, and

making her acquainted with Miss Percival's wish; fortunately there were two very nice rooms vacant, so Ellen, at Madame de Courcelle's request, wrote to say she could be accommodated.

## CHAPTER XII.

“ When Love thus in his centre ends,  
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,  
Are shaken off ; while Doubt and Grief,  
The weakest givers of relief,  
Stand in his council as the chief.”

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

For many days after William had learned that Ellen had quitted England, he remained in a state of feverish excitement: at one moment he was for starting immediately for Paris, with the determination of seeing Ellen, and ascertaining her real sentiments towards him—and well would it have been for him had he done so; then he would



make up his mind to forget her, as she, he thought, had done him—but this he found was no easy task. At length he began to take a clearer view of the case, and he saw that he had been unjust towards Ellen, in thus blaming her for quitting England; for he remembered that she had long since talked of going to Paris, yet he could not help feeling that she had acted less kindly in doing so, than he could have thought possible. He resolved therefore to repair to the French capital as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of the journey, and if, as he fondly hoped, he found Ellen unchanged, he would, on his return to England, solicit her hand of Mr. Colinwood.

Mr. Beverly happening to call soon after he had thus laid out his plans for the future, he casually remarked that he thought of visiting the continent shortly, and as it was most probable he should stay a week or two in Paris, he should like to call on Miss Colinwood if Mr. Beverly would kindly favour him with her address. Mr. Beverly

complied with his request, though very doubtful as to the propriety of doing so, when he remembered Ellen's positive assertion "that all was at an end between them."

The little gold ring had been a great source of perplexity to William; when he first discovered it on his finger it surprised him; but when he asked all his friends who had visited him during his illness if they knew anything about it, and he could obtain no sort of information, he became quite annoyed, and once was on the point of taking it off and throwing it from him, when something seemed to prompt him to leave it there, and there it had remained; but it still continued to perplex him; he once thought that it might have been sent him by Ellen, but how could it have been placed upon his hand without one, at least, of his friends seeing it done? The idea of poor old Mrs. Mutton being in the secret never crossed his mind.

One evening as William, with Seymour as his guest, was sitting thoughtfully by the

fire, the door suddenly opened and Charles entered the room ; he looked unusually animated, and after kindly inquiring how William felt, he informed him that he had made Miss Dickenson an offer, and was now her accepted suitor.

Too much astonished to answer, William and Seymour sat and gazed on the speaker for some minutes in silence, then, as in duty bound, they both wished him every happiness, though neither felt that it was a matter of congratulation. Charles was too much elated to notice the want of cordiality in their manner of doing so, and proceeded to tell William that he should sell his practice at Scarborough, and endeavour to establish himself in London, as Jane could not endure the thought of living so far away from her mother.

“ Well,” said Seymour, “ I have one piece of advice to give you, cousin mine, and that is, do not have your mother-in-law to live with you, depend upon it it never answers.”

“ I should not be afraid to try,” replied

Charles, "if it were necessary to Jane's happiness, for I shall be master in my own house, therefore need fear no inmate of it."

"Hem," said Seymour, as, to hide a smile, he turned to the table and helped himself to a glass of wine, for they were still in the dining-room.

"You seem to doubt my ability to maintain my rights," said Charles good humouredly, "but you will see I *shall* do so."

"I do not doubt your ability any more than any other man's, unless indeed he be very stony-hearted, for I think to make head against two women at once would be next to impossible, unless you throw comfort to the winds."

All this time William sat silently listening to the conversation; as Seymour concluded he rose from his seat, and complaining of fatigue, retired to his own room, there to meditate on the new aspect which his brother's engagement presented to him. Ought he to let Charles run blindfold into the trap evidently prepared for him, by the

match-making widow and her daughter; yet what right had he to interfere between two persons, who, at least, professedly, loved each other? That and numerous other questions he asked himself, without being able to answer any one satisfactorily.

While thus engaged in musing on his brother's affairs, Charles came into the room.

"My dear William," said he, "I have much to say to you, and I fear what I have to tell will not be pleasing; nevertheless I deem it right that you should be made acquainted with the facts that came to my knowledge this morning."

"Has anything happened?" eagerly asked William, as he looked searchingly into his brother's face.

"While I was with Jane to-day she received a letter from Paris, from an old acquaintance of hers, who informs her that Miss Colinwood"—here Charles hesitated—"is engaged to a Mr. Deywood, the son of an old friend of Mr. Beverly, that it



is an acknowledged fact, and that it is of long standing."

During this speech William had become paler at each word uttered; he now fell back and hid his face in his hands, his whole frame convulsed with suppressed emotion. Charles stood a sad and silent spectator of this painful scene, feeling how impossible it was to offer any consolation. In a few minutes William uncovered his face, which bore terrible traces of the inward struggle he had gone through, and then, in an apparently calm voice, he announced his intention to start for Paris that night; and not all the entreaties of his brother, joined to those of his cousin, could avail to turn him from his purpose; and to their reiterated offers to accompany him on his journey, he gave a decided negative.

After making a few hasty arrangements, William started for London Bridge, whither his brother Charles and Seymour insisted upon accompanying him; there he learned that a train had just left for Folkstone, and



that the next would not start till ten o'clock. The calm, resigned way in which he met this annoyance astonished and alarmed his companions, and they again begged him to let one or other of them go with him, but he firmly refused. At ten o'clock he entered the train, and bade his brother and cousin "good bye," even with a smile, but it was a bitter one. He left London on the 17th of February, and by noon the next day he was in Paris. Too much excited to feel the fatigue under which he was really suffering, he, after depositing his bag at a hotel, and making a slight change in his dress, at once repaired to the Rue de la Franchise ; there, to his disappointment, he learned that our heroine was out and would not return till the next day, as she was to accompany some friends to the ball at the *jardin d'hiver*. Unable to remain inactive while his mind was thus harassed, he drove back to the hotel, and having ascertained where he could procure a ticket for the ball, he once more entered the *voiture de remise* he

had hired, and hastened to procure one, resolving to have an explanation some time during the evening.

Having dined, he dressed, and at once drove to the *jardin d'hiver*. He was almost the first to enter the brilliantly lighted room, but this was what he desired, as he wished to watch Ellen's entrance; so, stationing himself by the principal door, he contrived to screen himself behind the shrubs and evergreens which decorated the entrance. He waited her arrival with the greatest impatience. At about half-past ten, when he was beginning to feel the suspense almost too much for him, a large party entered, and then Ellen, leaning on Deywood's arm. She looked more than usually beautiful, and attracted universal notice; even Napoleon, then only President of the French Republic, was struck by the sweet face and graceful movements of the fair English girl, although he, at that time, had very weighty matters for serious thought and meditation, and he turned and inquired her

name. William's breath came so quickly that it was with difficulty he could keep himself from falling, and unable to look calmly on until he had somewhat regained his composure, he quitted the ball-room as soon as he could do so unobserved by our heroine.

Like one distracted, he paced up and down the shaded galleries which surround this well known ball-room, and after a time he succeeded in partially calming his perturbed mind. It happened that Deywood, in passing one of the entrances to the gallery in search for a gentleman of his party, had remarked our hero, and when the latter once more entered the ball-room he was describing to Ellen the extraordinary conduct of "the unknown Englishman;" much interested in the account, she was bending her head towards Deywood, so that William's entrance was not perceived by the one he most wished would remark it, for he longed to be recognized by her, that he might the sooner have an explanation, yet he had not the courage to go boldly forward

and ask it, so fearful was he to find his worst apprehensions realized. At length he again had recourse to the nearly deserted gallery, and there ensconced himself in one of the alcoves; he had been there nearly half-an-hour, during which time he had vainly sought to bring his vacillating mind to some settled point, when he heard a voice, Ellen's voice, speaking in low and, as he thought, tender tones. Springing to his feet, his heart beating so violently that it prevented his hearing whence the sounds proceeded, and gazing wildly about for some moments, he at length discovered the speaker sitting with Deywood in an alcove opposite the one from which he had just issued, but separated from it by some large shrubs whose thick foliage completely hid him from their view.

For some minutes William stood gazing wildly at Ellen through the trees, unable to withdraw his eyes from the author of his present misery. How long he would have remained there is uncertain. A suppressed scream from Ellen was called forth by her

perceiving two wild black eyes peering at her from amidst the thick leaves ; this he interpreted into the effect his appearance had on her, while engaged, as he thought, in breaking the vows she had plighted him.

He was too much excited to reflect, that it was quite impossible that she could have recognised him, screened as he was. He was past reasoning : the only idea that possessed his soul was the harrowing one that she was false to him, and that his appearance was the cause of her terror. He no longer desired an interview ; but yet he could not make up his mind to quit the ball, so once more entered the alcove, sat down, and endeavoured to divest himself of the bitter feelings now raging in his heart. It was all to no purpose. He could not be calm ; his heart would continue to beat to suffocation, his pulse leaped, his temples throbbed, he laughed, but the sound startled himself, even more than it did an old officer who was passing at the time, and who stopped for a moment to gaze on



"*ce drole d'Anglais*," as he styled him in a *soto voce* as he passed on.

Till past three William stayed in the *jardin*—sometimes following Ellen, but at a distance—sometimes pacing the galleries with rapid strides—till at last, worn out, he was in the act of leaving the room, when he met Deywood. With the frenzy of a madman he seized him by the collar as he was passing, and would, doubtless, have followed up the assault by a still greater act of violence, had not Deywood, with great presence of mind, suddenly receded. This movement caused William to lose his balance, and letting go his hold he fell with violence, striking his head against one of the pillars of the vestibule. Deywood, much concerned at the fatal termination to his stratagem, called loudly for assistance, raised our senseless hero, and then ordered his servant, to whom he had just been speaking when he met William, to get a cab and see the stranger carried to a neighbouring hotel, and there to wait with him till a medical man could be sent for; he



then returned to the ball-room to escort the ladies to the carriage.

As soon as he had wished his mother and Ellen good night, Deywood left the house to go and inquire after the stranger. He found him surrounded by numerous attendants belonging to the hotel. A French doctor, who had but just arrived, was about to bleed him. Deywood, with his usual commanding, though quiet manner, soon cleared the room of all those who could be of no use in tending the sick man, and then proceeded to lend his aid to M. Contour.

As soon as they had done what they could for the present care of our hero, they searched his pockets in order to discover some clue as to his name and place of residence, and found a card on which was inscribed "Mr. W. Beaumont, Portland Street," also a letter addressed in the same way. This they read. It was from a friend, written upon some unimportant business, in which the writer mentioned William's brother Charles. This was sufficient; so Deywood

sat down and at once wrote a letter to this brother of the unfortunate stranger, and having recommended the landlady to pay particular attention to William, he returned home; and, let us hope, his sleep was not the less sweet for having done this kind deed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Yet she’s to me but such a light  
As are the stars to those that know ;  
We can at most but guess their height,  
And hope they mind us here below.”

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

WE must go back to the ball-room, and see how it was that our heroine came to be seated in the alcove with Deywood. At the conclusion of a quadrille, in which they had been partners, Ellen casually observed that Deywood looked very melancholy.

“ Miss Colinwood would scarcely feel surprised at my looking so sad at times, did

she know my history," he replied, while a faint smile for a moment played around his finely shaped mouth.

"Surely," Ellen said, "you cannot have anything to render you unhappy blessed with such a mother, and surrounded by every comfort wealth can bring."

"If I did not fear to weary you, I would unfold my secrets to your kindly ear," said Deywood, looking inquiringly at his fair partner.

"Indeed I shall feel flattered by the confidence you place in me," she answered: "let us find a quiet corner, where, undisturbed, I may listen to your recital."

"I knew I should find ready sympathy from you," said he, as he led Ellen to the spot where poor William subsequently discovered them.

"You must know, then," said Deywood, when they were seated, "in my boyhood I had a strong desire to enter the army, and, after some trouble, succeeded in persuading my mother to consent to my doing so. (My

father died when I was only four years old.) I was placed with a clergyman with whom I resided some two years; he was a good, though narrow-minded man, but I loved him much, and he seemed to regard me with great affection; so that when I left him for Carshalton (for I had resolved to go into the artillery), I still continued on intimate terms with both him and all the members of his family, and he was blessed with a very numerous one. I will pass over the next few years of my life, nothing of any importance in connection with my after misfortune having occurred. At the age of seventeen I received my commission, joined my regiment, and was soon whirled off in a round of gaieties, not to say dissipation; yet all this time I kept up a regular correspondence with my old master, and after refusing several pressing invitations from him, at length resolved to go down and see him; asked and obtained leave of absence, and having paid my mother a short visit, went down to *Totness*, a small town in Devonshire.

Every thing and every body, excepting the rector, looked changed; his sons, who had shared my studies, and whom I had left as boys, were now like myself, grown into young men, and his daughters were either grown or growing up very fast. Fanny (here Deywood's voice almost failed him), the third girl, who had always been my favourite, appeared prettier as a woman than she had been as a child, and that is not saying a little I assure you; suffice it to say, I fell in love with her, and she with me, and ere I quitted Devonshire, I was Mr. L.'s son-in-law elect. I had no difficulty in obtaining my mother's consent, as my happiness was everything to her; so for a year, I may say, I was one of earth's happiest creatures; then came a change. Mr. L. heard of my mode of life, and wrote to ask me if I really frequented theatres, races, and other such dens of vice, as he was pleased to call them. Scorning to deceive him, I indited a long epistle to him, in which I attempted to justify my doing so, but at the same time



assured him I would never ask Fanny to go anywhere where she would not quite desire to be. This was not sufficient for the rigid old Puritan; and I was told, somewhat abruptly, that I must either promise never more to enter such society as that I at present mixed in, and answer certain religious questions satisfactorily, or renounce all claim to Fanny. I could do neither one nor the other, as my religious opinions must remain the same, and it would have been impossible to keep such a promise, even had I been mad enough to make it; so our engagement was broken off. Five years have elapsed, and our love remains unchanged—as unchanged as Fanny's father's cruel decree. I quitted the army soon after, as my regiment was ordered to India, and my mother begged me, on her knees, to throw up my commission. I did so; for although I should have liked nothing better than a thorough change of life and scene—and I loved my profession—yet my sacrifice was little, compared with the lifelong one my mother had made in renouncing

every pleasure, to tend and watch over her wayward son! Such is my sad history, dear Miss Colinwood, and sad it will continue to the end I fear. Your kind sympathy has lightened my heart, for, except to my mother, I have never alluded to this subject, and with her I am not frank, as I dare not let her know how much my life is embittered."

For a moment Deywood quitted his seat and paced the gallery in silence; then, mastering his emotion, he returned to Ellen, whose kindly nature was fully awake to the sorrow of her companion.

"But do you not correspond?" she presently asked.

"No! two years ago that solace was denied us; and, much as it grieves me to lose it, I honour my Fanny's principles too much to ask her to act in disobedience to her parent's commands; so that I do not even know where she is; but I know and feel her love will ever remain the same. I could wish, for her sake, it would change, that she, at least, might once more know happiness."

“Oh! do not say that,” exclaimed Ellen, “a certain amount of happiness there must always be while love is reciprocated, a happiness far greater than the fickle-minded can ever taste. And, after all, your case is not hopeless; her father may yet be brought to consent to your union.”

“Never!” said Deywood, as he rose and offered Ellen his arm.

They returned to the ball-room, and in a few minutes were engaged in a waltz; and as they turned in the giddy maze, an old lady remarked to her daughter, “that will be a match.” How little did she dream that beneath those happy-looking faces were concealed two blighted hearts!

Many times during the evening Ellen was startled by those piercing black eyes which had alarmed her so much when in the alcove. Whenever she saw them she was seized with terror, and at last became so nervous that she requested Mrs. Deywood to return home; and it was therefore according to her desire, that Deywood went to order the carriage

round so early as three o'clock. So she was, though indirectly, the cause of his meeting William at the entrance.

Poor Ellen obtained little rest. In her dreams she was still haunted by those strange, wild-looking eyes; so she rose early, and complaining of fatigue, asked Mrs. Deywood to excuse her, and returned to the Rue de la Franchise. There she learned that a gentleman had been to see her the preceding evening, and from the description given of him by the *concièrge*, she felt convinced it must have been William. Once more hope took possession of her mind, and eagerly she listened for the bell which always announced the approach of visitors. Many a time, when she heard its hollow tones, her heart would bound with increased violence; she would calculate by her watch the time it would take ere she would be summoned to receive a visitor. Disappointment followed disappointment, till her exhausted frame could scarcely bear the continued excitement. Once she ran down to the lodge to speak to the

porter on some unimportant matter, just to remind him she was at home, in case he might send any one away forgetful of her return.

Wearily passed the day ; she could not divest herself of the feeling that she would shortly be called to see William, and so fearful was she that she might not be found if wanted, that she would not quit her room, but caused her lunch to be brought to her there.

At six o'clock she descended to the dining-room, not wishing to render Madame de Courcelle anxious about her. Never did the dinner appear so long or tedious ; the conversation seemed vapid ; the effort to swallow was too much for her ; and upon Madame de Courcelle observing her pallid looks, she complained of headache, and begged to be excused for retiring before the conclusion of dinner.

Once more she sought the retirement of her room ; there, leaning her head on her hand, she sat and held communion with her



inmost soul. Suddenly she was aroused by the stopping of a carriage at the gate, and then followed a loud peal of that tormenting bell. She started from her seat, and stood listening to every sound; presently she heard footsteps in the passage leading to her room; they ceased, and some one knocked at her door. "Who is there?" she inquired in as firm a voice as she could summon.

"*On vous demande au salon, Mademoiselle,*" replied the footman; and without waiting any answer, he at once retired.

For a few minutes Ellen remained irresolute, every nerve seemed unstrung, and she felt unable to go to meet him who she fully believed had, at last, sought an interview. Then, pride's supporting arms were thrown around her, and, with a firm step, she left her chamber and entered the drawing-room with as haughty a look as her gentle face could assume.

"Miss Percival," she exclaimed, as that lady with her two nieces met her gaze.

"Yes, here we are at last, my dear, though



how we have survived the savage treatment of those horrid French *douâniers*, as they call them, I am not prepared to say; but how ill you look dear child," continued the little old lady, as she took our heroine's hand in hers and pressed it affectionately.

"I have a slight headache," answered Ellen, as she turned and welcomed the two girls, who appeared sincerely glad to see her again.

Madame de Courcelle soon after entering, all confidential conversation was interrupted for the time; and as all three ladies were much fatigued, they retired early to their rooms. Ellen followed their example; and, worn out with excitement and grief, she soon sank into a sound, though unrefreshing sleep.

## CHAPTER XIV

“Good morrow, ladies: what were’t worth to know  
The secret of your conference?”

“HENRY THE EIGHTH.”

THE next morning Ellen was awakened by a gentle tapping at her door; she called out “*Entrez,*” and Ada came in.

“Up already!” said Ellen, as with a smile she held out her hand.

“In bed still!” laughingly said Ada, by way of answer, as she stooped and kissed her friend.

“Why what time is it?” asked Ellen.

“It wants but a quarter to eleven,” re-

plied Ada. "If these are the hours you keep, no wonder you look pale and ill," she added, as she noticed Ellen's worn and haggard looks.

"When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" murmured our heroine, as she strove to drive back the unbidden tears which began to flow.

"Dear Ellen, what is the matter ? Surely *you* can have no cause for grief ?"

"Do not ask me," replied Ellen; "but tell me how your affairs prosper. Miss Percival has told me something of a handsome young curate," continued she, as she caressed the little white hand that nervously clutched at the bed clothes.

"*Oh ! I am* so miserable !" said Ada ; " my aunt, though she means to be kind, has quite marred my happiness. Dear Ellen, if you knew how he loved me, you would not blame me so much !" exclaimed the poor girl, as she sank on her knees by the bed and hid her burning cheeks.

"I blame you, my dear child !" said Ellen,

“I grieve for you, but blame you not; and I hope ere long your aunt will look on the matter with more lenient eyes: in the mean time, you must try and be patient.”

“Ah! Ellen, it is very easy to give advice: you have no idea how unkind my aunt is. She says such very cutting things both of me and poor Henry that, at times, I can scarcely command myself sufficiently to remain silent.”

“Well!” said Ellen, “if I have any influence with Miss Percival, you may be sure I shall not forget to use it for you, dear Ada. I must introduce you to Mrs. Deywood. She is such a sweet person, that even your aunt will be obliged to confess to her genuine goodness.”

“Deywood!” exclaimed Ada—“has she a son?”

“Yes — such a noble fellow!” replied Ellen; “devoted to his mother, and, in fact, I think his life is bound up in her now,” she added.

“It must be the same!” almost screamed

Ada, as she rose from her knees. "Tell me, Ellen, is his name Oscar?"

"It is," she replied, somewhat astonished at this sudden change in Ada's manner. Ada paced up and down the room in an agitated manner, unheeding of the wondering and anxious looks with which Ellen followed her movements. After a few moments' silence Ada once more stood by the bed, and said, "I must tell you all, dear Ellen; you alone can advise me what to do."

Astonishment kept Ellen silent; while Ada, sitting down on the side of the bed, poured into her ears the very same tale of love, peace, despair, and grief, that had so lately been entrusted to her by Deywood. Fanny, his dear Fanny, was then Ada's sister. Strange revelation!—incredible, yet real; bewildering, yet cheering: for somehow a feeling of joy took possession of their kind little hearts, as the two friends talked over the matter. Their consultation lasted long: when it closed they parted with smiles mingled with tears; Ada hastened to

the "*salle-à-manger*," there to receive a lecture from Miss Percival for being late; but this she was so used to, that, sad to say, it made little impression on the fair delinquent.

As soon as the luncheon was over, Miss Percival announced that it was her intention to begin to visit the numerous sights to be seen in Paris, in order, she added, with a bitter smile, "to prevent thoughts of England from disturbing her peace of mind."

Before starting however for the Louvre, which was to be the first object of the day, Miss Percival paid Ellen a visit; she found her dressed and sitting pensively by the fire, apparently deep in thought, for she did not notice her visitor till she had come quite close to her.

After a few casual observations on unimportant matters, Miss Percival said, "I wish to ask your aid, my dear Miss Colinwood, in behalf of that foolish little niece of mine. As I hinted to you in my last letter,



she has been silly enough to bestow her affections on a very undeserving object ; and I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will, when occasion offers, represent the extreme impropriety of her conduct." Ellen, who had been hoping to soften Miss Percival's heart towards poor Ada, was quite silenced by this strange request ; at the same time she felt a sort of disgust for the little old maid, who thus calmly asked her to try and stifle a noble, disinterested love, conceived for a most estimable young man, whose sole fault was his poverty, but she knew if she gave full play to her indignation she would offend Miss Percival, and thereby perhaps do Ada's cause much harm ; so, smothering her resentment, Ellen said quietly, " I am afraid I cannot promise what you ask, for I do not see the affair in so serious a light as you appear to do, and I always advocate 'true love under all circumstances,' and I feel sure, my dear Miss Percival, your kind heart will not long remain insensible to the demand now made upon it for sympathy and sup-

port. Ada is so young that she can wait until Mr. Hinton shall have obtained preferment in the church, and no doubt, with his talents and energy, he will soon succeed in so doing." Miss Percival was softened in spite of herself ; and this quiet, steady reasoning of her young friend did more for the lovers than any amount of indignant comments, on the worldly view she had hitherto taken of the affair, could have done ; but she was not one to be easily thrust out of the path which she was pleased to tread ; so, veiling her changed feelings by a playful manner, she said, " Well, my dear, I really gave you credit for more sense, particularly having observed how wisely you have contrived to place your affections. Mr. Beaumont has wealth, besides a lucrative profession, to render him a fit object for love ; but I must be off," she continued, as she observed Ellen's eyes flash, and the colour mount to her cheeks ; so, without waiting for any answer she hastily left the room, it being a system with her to make away

immediately after saying anything with *intent* to wound.

As may be presumed, Miss Percival's last remark did not tend to make poor Ellen the happier. Shame at having bestowed her heart on one who could thus trifle with it, took possession of her, and every softer sentiment was crushed 'neath the indignation which now raged again in her breast.

The afternoon wore slowly away, daylight gradually faded, darkness was beginning to envelope all in his misty folds, when Ellen was aroused from a long reverie by the visitors' bell ringing violently. She listened, every nerve strained to catch a sound; but all was still. Presently, however, she heard footsteps, then a tap at the door, which she immediately opened, took a card from the footman, and saying she would be down directly, retreated into her room, read "Mr. Beaumont" on the card, and, her heart beating to suffocation, prepared to descend, and treat, with scorn, him she most loved on earth. Hastily traversing the numerous

corridors and passages which separated her room from the other wing of the house, she soon found herself at the top of the stairs leading to the drawing-room ; here she paused to recover at least a *semblance* of tranquillity ; having partially succeeded, she hesitated no longer, descended, opened the door, and stood before Charles Beaumont ; but so perfect was his likeness to William, that she never doubted that it was he ; but Charles did not leave her long in ignorance. In a few words he explained his relationship to William, and then proceeded to state that “ he had been summoned by a stranger in Paris to attend the sick bed of his dear brother, whose peace of mind had been destroyed by the base betrayal of his love and confidence ;” then, he added, with a bitterness for which, under the painful circumstances, he may justly be excused, “ I have seen my brother, Madam, and found him in a state which would make my absence from him even for half an hour unpardonable but for the motive which brings me here. It is

thought possible by his physician that ere life is extinct consciousness may return. Knowing how deeply you have wronged him, and feeling for the remorse which may perhaps at some future time overtake you, I have forsaken my post beside his bed, and have come to ask you if you can say anything to justify your strange behaviour towards your affianced husband, which may bring pardon to you, and comfort to him?" Like one in a dream, Ellen stood calmly listening to all Charles said: her eyes were beginning to open to the true state of the case, namely, that some strange misunderstanding had arisen, from whence proceeding she could not stop to discover. There remained but one thing to do which could, now, in any degree restore her peace of mind, so she at once said, "Mr. Beaumont, you must take me to your brother; I will see him," she added, as she observed Charles' look of disapprobation. "You cannot refuse my request to see him ere he die!" For a moment Charles hesitated; then observing

Ellen's increasing emotion, he bade her prepare to accompany him.

In a few moments she was ready; they entered the carriage, and drove to the hotel.



## CHAPTER XV.

“There is a tide in the affairs of man  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a crisis in every one's life, when not only ourselves but those around us feel that our career will end either in great misery, or that the clouds, overshadowing our destiny, will at once be dispersed, and a more complete calm ensue than may have “ever” been our lot to enjoy before. Sometimes the

change may be effected by our own strength and energy, but in most cases it would seem that the wise Creator of our being, by withdrawing all our earthly props and comforts, would so bring us near to Him in this hour of need, that we may learn, fully, to trust to His guidance and protection. What confidence we place in Him when all beside has failed us! How is the confidence increased, strengthened, and purified, when, perhaps, from utter despair we are suddenly, by some unlooked-for event, raised from the dust to find our position better than we had ever dared to hope it would be!

And Ellen's destiny was drawing to a crisis. I say, drawing near; for although she, in her sorrow and grief thought her greatest trial was at hand, it was not so, but she felt it was as hard and severe a one as she could bear, and perhaps it was so, at that stage of her existence; for she wanted that faithful reliance on her Heavenly Father's promises which alone can support

us under grievous affliction; so the crisis was not yet.

When Charles and Ellen arrived at the hotel, the former at once inquired after his brother, and, with quivering lip and blanched cheek, listened breathlessly for the answer.

“*Monsieur, votre frère, va mieux, il s'est endormit,*” replied the bustling chambermaid, to whom Charles had spoken.

“Thank God!” exclaimed Charles, as, with a sigh of relief, he turned to Ellen, who, weeping for very joy, had sunk on to a chair; she arose, however, and held out her hand to him, as she said, in a scarcely audible voice, “Do not judge hastily of me, but wait until you have heard my story.”

Touched by her gentle manner, Charles silently pressed her hand, then offering her his arm, he led her very quietly to his brother's room.

It was so dark that, at first, Ellen could scarcely recognize, in the pale, haggard face

before her the features of her betrothed; he had looked wretchedly ill when she had last seen him, but now the whole countenance was changed; the eyes sunken and dark all round, the lips almost black from fever, the cheeks ghastly white, and the expression he wore appeared to belong rather to death than life. Pale but calm, Ellen seated herself by the bed, her eyes fixed on that loved one, so changed, so sadly changed, and in so short a time; she felt it was not the moment to indulge in idle grief, so strove with, and mastered her emotion.

The physician, watch in hand, stood by, contemplating his patient with an anxious face; occasionally he laid his hand on William's heart, or gently felt his pulse, but not a word was uttered. All knew that that sleep only *could* bring back health—all knew it might bring death.

Two hours passed thus; then there was a nervous movement of the invalid's hand, and he awoke, opened his eyes, and encountered Ellen's. For a moment the look

was vacant, then the eyes lit up with a bright gleam of intelligence, and a faint smile played round his mouth, as he slightly raised his hand, extending it towards her. Ere she could take it within hers his strength failed, and it fell heavily on the bed; but still he continued to gaze in silence on the sweet earnest face beside him. At last, she sufficiently controlled her emotion to ask him if he knew her. No need for words; his fond and grateful look spoke to her more fully than they could have done, in his feeble state. A thrill of exquisite joy shot through Ellen's heart at this proof of his consciousness; she silently pressed his hand, and then, at a sign from the physician, left the room. She was followed by Charles, who informed her that it was thought best to leave his brother quiet; for although all "immediate" danger was over, yet great caution was necessary to prevent a relapse. As he led Ellen to the carriage, she asked him "to let her know should there be any change," and

added with a sigh, "I shall be so unhappy and anxious."

"My dear Miss Colinwood," replied he, "I will not fail to let you hear every few hours how my poor brother goes on; and, should it please God to preserve him, I hope to see both you and him once more happy. You see I fully trust you, though ignorant how this misunderstanding arose."

"Thank you, thank you," said Ellen, as she tendered him her hand, "you will not find your confidence misplaced."

"I feel sure of that," said Charles, "and in token of that confidence, I will come round and see you this evening, if," he said, after a slight pause, "my brother's state will permit of my doing so."

"Oh! I shall be so glad to see you," exclaimed Ellen, "for I long to tell you how all this has happened."

"Then, expect me about nine o'clock," said Charles; "if I do not come, I shall send for you. God grant I may not have to do that!"



“Amen,” murmured Ellen, as she returned the pressure of his hand.

The carriage drove off.

“*Quelle jolie dame,*” exclaimed a grisette to her sister, as they observed our heroine drive away, “*qu’elle doit être heureuse, de posséder une telle voiture, et d’être si belle.*” “*Vois tu son cœur, ma sœur ?*” asked the other, as with pensive eyes she followed the carriage, now far away !

The world *most* often envies us when most often we deserve nought but pity.

When Ellen reached home she found a letter lying on her table. Mechanically she opened and read it :—

“MY OWN DEAR ELLEN,

“I breathe at last ! that is to say, my pulmonary organs are at present playing their part with comparative comfort to their possessor, for, be it known to you, my dear (and to you alone, would I divulge it), I have again been deceived by some other organ, (*i.e.* that of vision). While walking

in the park this morning, I observed some horrid boys throwing stones at what I conceived to be a poor harmless frog. I rushed among them, flourishing my stick as a Paddy would his shillelah, and soon succeeded in dispersing the little wretches, and then proceeded to ascertain the state of the supposed froggy. Imagine my dismay when, on a nearer examination, I found it was only an inflated india-rubber ball, which the mischievous imps had imbedded in the gravel, first closing the aperture through which the air should escape, and no doubt their aim was wilfully to destroy it, in the manner I have already described. The ball doubtless cost a shilling, which might have been far better employed, than expended on them. But my tale is not yet finished, as soon as they perceived I had made some mistake, they all set off in pursuit of me, uttering such yells and imprecations, that, I was e'en forced to run for it, but, having pretty long legs, I soon distanced them, and have only

just returned home, and am still in the state of agitation I depicted at the commencement of my letter.

“ However, it was not to tell you this that I sat down to write; other more important news first suggested the idea to my mind.

“ A few days ago, I paid a visit to Mr. William Beaumont, who seemed in much agitation, and who, after talking of indifferent subjects for at least half an hour (all which time I could easily perceive his thoughts were far from being as quiet and orderly as he wished to have them appear), suddenly announced his intention of going to Paris, said he should like to call on you (I should think he *would* indeed), and begged for your address; this I gave him, although with reluctance, for reasons you alone can understand, my dear child. I then left him. Now, after much reflection, I resolved to take upon myself to investigate this mysterious affair, for your letters show me, but too plainly, your poor little heart is sad and

lonely, and I have begun for some time to suspect you did not know quite correctly how to play your own cards. I therefore commenced the siege, by calling again in Portland-street ; I inquired for Mr. Beaumont, was ushered into the drawing-room, and found only Mr. Charles Beaumont, who informed me his brother had gone to Paris. I took kindly to the young man; his frank, open countenance pleased me, and without the least compunction (now don't be angry my love) I betrayed your secret, asked him what he knew, and so a mutual confidence was at once established between us.

“One thing only puzzled as much as it vexed us, this was a report that had reached the brothers, that you were not only flirting with that young Deywood (I would call him *a puppy*, except for thoughts of his father), but that in the Parisian world (a very bad one I suspect it is too) you are set down as engaged to him. I had myself seen you on much more intimate terms with

him than I at all liked, and so the upshot of our three hours' consultation was my seeing Mr. Charles Beaumont *en train* (as *you* say) of arranging his affairs, in order to go also to Paris in a few days. Circumstances occurred to hasten his movements, for, in the evening of the same day, I received a hasty note from him, enclosing one from Deywood, who, strange to say, had discovered Mr. William Beaumont somewhere, with a broken head, and had taken charge of him; however, I hope all is well with him, and that, thanks to my diplomacy, you and he may soon be reconciled. In the meantime, this letter is only an *avant courier* of your fond old godfather, who will shortly be on his way to see his darling.

“BEVERLY.”

Ellen read without attention the first part of this strange epistle, which, at any other time, would have called forth a hearty burst of merriment; but, at the name of

Beaumont, she read, with avidity, every word till she had ended; she then gave a sigh of relief, for she felt indeed that her confidant had truly acted both wisely and kindly.



## CHAPTER XVI.

“What are riches? Hoarded treasures  
May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;  
Yet, like earth’s most fleeting pleasures,  
Leave thee poor and heartless still.”

BERNARD BARTON.

“I TELL you,” said Miss Percival, as she and her two nieces were seated after dinner in their own room, on the day so eventful to Ellen, “I tell you I will not remain in this wicked city any longer; such a sight as I saw yesterday is quite sufficient to drive away any well disposed person. The shops

all open, and the people prepared to spend the Sabbath in amusement and idleness; as though *that* were what it was ordained for! No, no, as soon as I hear from your father, relative to a proposition I have made him concerning you, Miss Ada," continued the old lady, with increasing bitterness, "I shall be off."

"But, my dear aunt," mildly asked Mary, "you surely are not going to leave us here alone?"

"Leave you here! Heaven forbid. But as I must be in London, now that I find it impossible to live in this place, I do not choose to be any longer responsible for your sister, who may think right, with her romantic notions, to run off some fine morning with that whipper-snapper curate. I have no doubt he is bad enough for anything; for, having dared to raise his eyes to a girl of good family and expectations (from *me*, of course), he would not stop at any baseness."

Ada's little foot might now be heard tapping on the oaken floor with a rapidity

quite surprising, yet she answered her not, though the flashing eye and burning cheek showed the taunt had been keenly felt.

Mary, therefore, with assumed calmness (for she was angry at her dear sister's being thus unjustly censured), said, "Are you going to send us home, aunt?"

"Not both of you, only Ada; and I have asked your father to let Fanny (who I hear is very steady and quiet) take her place."

Ada now burst forth, no longer able to restrain her anger.

"I shall be but too glad to exchange places with poor Fanny, for I long for my dear, quiet home, and," she continued, gradually getting more excited, and less able to express herself, "I am sure when if—I mean, should Mr. Hinton make me an offer, papa would not refuse his consent, because he is *poor*; or, at least, he is too good a Christian to torment uselessly, and would spare me all reproach."

As she concluded, she rose and walked

out of the room, taking refuge with her friend Ellen.

The latter was seated patiently waiting for either Charles, or a message from him. I say patiently, for although distracted with torturing apprehensions, she endeavoured to be calm and quiet.

“What is the matter, dear?” she inquired as Ada entered, bathed in tears and sobbing violently.

The poor girl for some moments could not reply ; but at length, in broken sentences, she poured out her griefs, and met with the ready sympathy of woman for woman in such like trials.

Taking her little burning hand within hers, Ellen sat and soothed, and comforted her friend, gently chiding her for giving way to sorrow, when, after all, she would be happier in the coming change ; and at last succeeded in persuading her to go and lie down, promising to go and see her, ere she herself retired to rest.

Scarcely had her visitor left, when Ellen was summoned to the drawing-room, where Charles awaited her, a smile gladdening her as she anxiously regarded him.

“Dear William is going on most favourably, I am thankful to say,” he exclaimed, “and, according to promise, I have come to hear your explanation.”

“And you shall have it without delay,” she returned. “I am too eager to stand justified before you to hesitate,” and seating herself, as she motioned him to do, she related her story, telling him “that interest in an occurrence, with which Deywood and a person of whom she had often heard, were connected, had naturally drawn them towards each other; that her sympathy had been strongly excited, but that love had never been mentioned between them, their affections,” she continued, with a blush, “being already engaged.”

When she had ended, Charles took her hand, and assured her “how proud he felt to be likely soon to call her sister.”

Ellen smiled sadly, but remained silent.

“Ah!” said he, “you must not be desponding, for I have M. Contour’s assurance that his patient is rapidly improving, and that all danger is quite over, unless any unwonted excitement should occur to cause a relapse. So, we have only to nurse him carefully, and keep him quiet; this I am sure you will gladly aid me in doing, will you not?”

“Oh! most willingly,” she replied, “and, to begin, I will dismiss you, as I have already detained you a long time from him, and you must be anxious to return.”

“Then, to-morrow, I shall hope again to call on you, and conduct you to his side,” said he.

“Do not think me unkind for refusing to take your envied place by him,” answered Ellen; “but, throughout this affair, I have been to blame in concealing it, as I have told you, from my father. Yesterday, ignorant of Mr. Beaumont’s illness, or even of his presence in Paris, I wrote and recounted



the whole to my father, and have written again to-day, telling him of your arrival and your brother's precarious state; therefore, until I have his sanction I cannot see Mr. Beaumont again, much as it costs me to refuse; and you will understand my motive, I feel sure."

"And honour you for it most highly," exclaimed Charles, as he shook her hand. "You shall have frequent bulletins until you can yourself take your stand by his bed."

So saying, he left her.

Ellen sighed, but it was a sigh of relief, caused by feeling she was once more in the right road of honour, truth, and candour; yet it was a hard trial for her to refuse to avail herself of Charles' offer, and so be denied the pleasure of nursing her sick lover. Ellen, however, was not only *sorry* for having concealed her engagement from her father, but she had repented; and what is repentance, if it be not to leave off the sin firmly, as well as willingly? She was still standing where Charles had

left her, when she was aroused from her reverie by Mary, who asked her anxiously to come to Ada, she being apparently very ill. Miss Percival was sitting by the poor girl's bed when they entered; she hastily came towards them, and said she thought Ada was delirious; and, frightened at the result of her harshness, the old maid wept and wrung her hands. And Ada was delirious; the poor girl had been silently bearing her lonely burthen for weeks, never complaining, and patiently bearing her aunt's sarcastic remarks, until her mind, overwrought at last by such a continued strain upon it, gave way, and she, too, lay devoured by fever.

Ellen summoned Madame de Courcelle, who, always self-possessed and sympathetic, immediately sent for M. Contour, who was her doctor; he soon made his appearance, and pronouncing a favourable opinion, said "his patient had evidently been over-excited, and that a quiet and composing draught would soon bring her round; but every

care must be taken to prevent excitement, as soon as consciousness should return.

Ellen was thus enabled to inquire again after William, and received, once more, the welcome assurance that he was going on quite well.

She and Mary took it in turn to watch beside Ada through the night; towards morning she fell into a comfortable sleep, and awoke calm, though greatly reduced; so weak was she that the least noise caused her to become violently agitated, and Miss Percival was so alarmed at her being thus prostrate, when only the day before she had appeared in good health, that she wrote off to her father to beg he would come over without delay.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down to view the city.”  
COMEDY OF ERRORS.”

THE next morning, at an early hour, Mr. Colinwood and Mr. Beverly arrived in Paris, and having deposited their bags at a hotel, they repaired to Madame de Courcelle's, and Ellen was soon in her father's arms.

I will pass over the explanation that followed the meeting. All was most willingly forgiven by Mr. Colinwood, who saw that

his daughter's head had erred, and not her heart.

"And how is poor Mr. Beaumont to-day?" he asked, as he fondly stroked Ellen's glossy hair.

"His brother has just sent to say he is still progressing favourably, and is already getting stronger."

"That is well; then I think there will be no harm in my calling with Beverly on Mr. Charles Beaumont; and so we will wish you good bye, my darling, for the present; you will see us again soon."

"I wish to have a little talk with Ellen," said Mr. Beverly, "and so I shall allow you to pay your visit alone, if you please; besides, what you have to say together will be better said *tête-à-tête*."

"Very well," answered Mr. Colinwood, with a smile; "but I suppose I had better not say I left Ellen *also tête-à-tête* with a young man?" and he left the room.

No sooner had her father gone, than Ellen told her confidant poor Ada's troubles,

asking his advice as to what could be done to soften the maiden aunt's heart, for she still declared that if Ada *did* marry that *impudent* young curate, she would not give her a penny! and without money they could not marry.

"What did you say his name was?" asked the old man, when Ellen had finished. "Hinton," she replied, "and he lives in lodgings at Islington."

"Find out his address," said Mr. Beverly, "and I will try and discover who he is, and whether he really be worthy of your friend; go at once, and ascertain, for I want to write to England, and will cause inquiry to be made without delay."

Ellen went her errand, and obtained the address from Mary, who much wondered what Mr. Beverly could want with it.

"And now," said the latter, as Ellen brought it to him, "give me some paper and a pen, and while I write a letter you may amuse yourself reading this."



Ellen took it, and began to read. It ran thus:—

“DEAR BEVERLY,

“Some time ago, you wrote to ask me to give the next vacant living I might have at my disposal to your young friend, Mr. Cleveland. I am happy in being able to prove my willingness to oblige you, by offering him the living of Ewhurst, in Sussex, now vacant by the death of my lamented friend Mr. L.

“Yours very faithfully,

“GEORGE DEVANANT.”

“I do not see anything *very* interesting in this letter,” said Ellen, as she put it down, with a disappointed look.

“There, I *knew* you would not let me write in peace, you little chatter-box,” said Mr. Beverly, with a pleasant smile; “so I suppose I had better take you into my confidence, and tell you that young Cleveland has lately had a living given to him; so as *he* does not want one, and Ada’s suitor does,

I am going to apply for it for him, and am sure of obtaining it, unless he should prove unworthy; but this I do not at all anticipate, so you may be happy on your friend's part; but not a word to any one! as I wish to surprise them all."

"Oh! how kind you are!" said Ellen, as she came forward, and fairly hugged her second father (as he loved to be called); "you will havemade four persons happy, and entirely by your own kind thoughtfulness."

"There, there, dear child, do not cry, or I shall not think much of the happiness of one of the four; and see, you have made me blot the letter, so I shall go to the hotel where I shall be able to write in peace. You women never can be quiet, I believe!"

So saying, he kissed the now laughing Ellen, and repaired to his hotel, where he wrote the important letter, which was duly despatched.

This task accomplished, Mr. Beverly found himself at a loss to fill up the time till Mr. Colinwood's return, which he knew

would not be for some two or three hours. After watching for half an hour the lively scene which, in the middle of the day, the Rue de Rivoli always presents (Mr. Colinwood having chosen Maurice's Hotel as their abode this time), our eccentric friend grew fidgetty, and at length resolved upon taking a solitary ramble.

Turning to the left, Mr. Beverly walked leisurely along until he reached the *Palais National* (as it was *then* called). Here he found plenty of attraction for his eager eyes. He spent nearly an hour wandering up and down this little world of shops, and having expended two or three pounds in trinkets for his dear Ellen, paying (be it said by way of hint to the unwary stranger) about *four* times the worth of the vaunted articles—vaunted by a bustling, energetic Frenchwoman. Leaving the Palais, he pursued the Rue St. Honoré, turned into the Rue St. Antoine, and then, for the first time, began to feel a sensation of fatigue; probably the feeling was increased by a lack of knowledge

of where he was ; and how to inquire his way was another source of disquietude ; for Mr. Beverly was a bashful man, and one most susceptible of ridicule, so, to hazard a question in French, was not to be thought of.

While looking vainly for a cab or even an omnibus which might convey him back to his hotel, he continued to stroll on until he found himself in front of the *Maison des Enfants trouvés !* It was now getting dark, and the receptacle for the poor orphan or outcast children was scarcely visible in the gloom of twilight. Mr. Beverly remembered this laudable institution, having visited it before, as a young man. He approached nearer, and, leaning against the wall, he fell into a strain of sad thoughts, suggested to him by the time and place. He was presently aroused by the stealthy approach of some one. Peering through the darkness, he perceived a tall, thin woman, thickly veiled, and carrying something enveloped in a shawl. A shudder ran through every vein, as the kind-hearted old man watched her

approach. He was completely hidden by a projection from the adjoining wall; so, unconscious of the presence of aught human, the woman sank upon her knees, and, bending fondly over her innocent burthen, she said, with a voice almost shrill from emotion, "Go, then, my child, my dearest child, and God Almighty bless you;" then, trembling, and in much agitation, she was in the act of placing the infant in the basket, when Mr. Beverly rushed forward, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, said :

"Woman, stop! how dare you thus forsake your own flesh and blood?"

Startled and alarmed, the woman retreated, and, for a moment, did not reply; then she said, as she came once more forward, while at the same time she threw back the veil that had hitherto concealed her face :

"Now, ask me why I forsake my child, now that you see that I am hand in hand with death!"

Here a violent fit of coughing stopped



her farther speech, and gave Mr. Beverly time to contemplate the haggard face before him.

Death was, indeed, written there. The bright, though sunken eyes, the parched and blackened lips, the hectic flush—nothing was wanting to testify to the truth of her statement.

Shocked and dismayed, he knew not what to say; tears filled his eyes as he looked on the unfortuniate creature, who, seeing that he no longer opposed her, again prepared to place the child in the dreadful box, which, in a few seconds, would be whirled round, and disappear with it for ever.

“Stop, stop,” almost shrieked Mr. Beverly, “I will take the child. I will adopt it, provide for it—anything, to save it from such a horrid fate.”

“Heaven bless you for those words!” faltered the poor woman. Here she snatched from a bag hanging on her arm a packet, which she gave to her child’s deliverer, and then, imprinting a burning kiss on the little



rosy cheek, she laid the child at Mr. Beverly's feet and fled, leaving our poor friend doubtful whether he was waking or dreaming!

But it was no time for hesitation; so taking the infant gently in his arms, he hailed a cab which was passing at the time, and drove back to his hotel, not daring to think of the amount of bantering he would receive on the acquisition of a new pet. The kitten, so strangely claiming him for master, had laid him open to *much* ridicule! What, then, was he to expect now?

To divert his thoughts, he examined the envelope, which contained, no doubt, the history of the little stranger. It was endorsed thus:

"The history of Jane Fenton and her darling *boy*."

Mr. Beverly fell back in the carriage, fairly overcome.

"A boy!" he exclaimed, "and I have undertaken to bring up and cherish a

*boy, and not a girl!*" The reader having already been made acquainted with the good man's abhorrence of boys, will readily conceive his utter despair at the above discovery.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ The bitter strife  
Of feeling, struggling into life ;  
A moment still'd, but unrepres't  
Within the widow'd mother's breast.”

MANT'S “ RUBI,” CANTO III.

MR. COLINWOOD, after a long interview with Charles Beaumont, went up to William, who was overjoyed at receiving the kind-hearted lawyer's visit, and became alarmingly excited when the latter told him he knew of his love for Ellen, and heartily assured him of his consent; he moreover promised to bring his daughter to see him in the

evening, if he would try and be calm. The young man gave and broke the promise with the same breath, which caused Mr. Colinwood to hasten away, fearing his presence might prove injurious to William's agitated mind. Gently pressing his hand, the good man left him to his brother's care, and returned to the Rue de la Franchise to take Ellen away to dine with him; but, before proceeding to the hotel, they called on Mrs. Deywood, to whom Mr. Colinwood related the cause and result of this second visit to Paris.

The old lady was charmed at the news, and wished our heroine every possible felicity. The conversation then turned upon general subjects, and after a somewhat unfashionable call of an hour-and-a-half, father and daughter walked to the hotel.

On entering the sitting-room, they found Mr. Beverly walking about in great agitation, and evidently awaiting their arrival with much impatience.

"My good fellow," said Mr. Colinwood,

"I am afraid you must be tired of waiting for me; I am sorry you stayed at home."

"Stayed at home," grumbled the old man, "I wish to Heaven I *had* stayed at home. I *have* been out, and I have brought home—a—a *boy*," at last he gasped out, and he pointed to the sofa on which, still sleeping, lay the infant.

Too much astonished to find words to ask a solution of this extraordinary announcement, Ellen and her father walked to the sofa, and stood gazing, with bewildered looks, on the little creature, over whom Mr. Beverly had thrown his cloak.

The sight of his friend's astonishment restored Mr. Beverly's wonted good humour, and, bursting into a hearty laugh, he recounted the whole affair. The recital did not tend to lessen the esteem of the auditors for the kind old man, and they both warmly praised their friend's adoption of the little helpless being.

Ellen would not rest until she had persuaded her father to go out again with her

that she might purchase such necessaries as the child might want. Once more they betook themselves to Mrs. Deywood, and had no difficulty in persuading her to accompany them in their shopping, and leaving word for Oscar Deywood to follow them to Meurice's, they proceeded to their task and then returned, just in time to save Mr. Beverly from a second fit of ill humour, the baby having awoke, and *what* to do with it he did not know.

Entrusting the child to the care of one of the chambermaids, and Oscar Deywood having arrived, they sat down to dinner. The conversation naturally turned upon Mr. Beverly's adventure; and Mr. Colinwood having asked if the woman had not told him any particulars concerning herself and child, Mr. Beverly suddenly recollected the packet, which he produced from his pocket, but as it appeared to contain a lengthy account, they deferred its perusal until after dinner.

When they were all seated round the blazing wood fire the manuscript was opened,



and Oscar Deywood, at Mr. Beverly's request, read as follows :—

“ With my hand on the Sacred Volume, I swear that which I am about to write is true; the names only are fictitious.

“ My father was a linendraper in a small village situated in one of the middle counties of England; being the only one of that trade, he soon began to amass money, and was looked upon as a thriving man. In the year 1829 he married the daughter of the innkeeper, who, if she brought him neither wealth nor talent, yet in her he possessed as true and kind a heart, as ever beat in female bosom. I was born about two years after their marriage, and reigned supreme over their affections, for no brother or sister came to dispute my sway.

“ Each year added to my father's savings, and when I was ten years old my mother, with a natural although mistaken ambition, would not rest until she had obtained her husband's consent to my being placed at a fashionable boarding school, and thither I

was sent, notwithstanding the objections raised by my father, who, most wisely, would have preferred a plain, homely education for me.

“Years rolled on, and from a careless, thoughtless child, I grew to be, if not a clever, yet an accomplished, sensitive woman: each holiday I passed at home increased the unconquerable disgust I felt for my father’s position. I, who had been to the houses of several of my school fellows (all girls of good standing in society and gentlemen’s daughters)—*I* was compelled when at home to sit in a little cramped parlour at the back of the shop, and see the man I called ‘father’ cringing to his many customers, and degrading himself, as *I*, in my pride, thought, by measuring off yards of ribbon and lace. At eighteen I left school with a bitterness of soul none can realize but those who, like myself, have been educated beyond their sphere, and who yet are obliged to mix with the untaught, unpolished.

“Still I loved my parents fondly, yet my

very affection for them but tended to augment the contempt I felt for the life they and I led.

“ But I could have better borne my position had I been allowed to remain behind the scenes : this, however, was not the case, for I was frequently summoned from my books (my sole consolation) to wait upon some over fastidious customer, and then my humiliation was at its height; yet I could not refuse to do that, which my good, kind-hearted father felt no shame in doing. If an expensive education had refined and cultivated my mind, to whom was I indebted for it? To him who now called upon me for my aid, and I felt it due to him to stifle all apparent *distaste*, and so bear, in silence and solitary bitterness, the cross with which my fond mother, in her ill-judged ambition, had for ever burthened me.

“ In the summer evenings I often strolled beyond the precincts of the village, and wandered alone in the shady lanes or by the river side, indulging my bitter and melan-

choly thoughts. Sometimes seated on a mossy bank, I poured forth my sorrow and grief in sighs and tears; and at others, a pencil and a piece of paper would suffice to calm my perturbed mind; and in scribbling endless verses, wherein I strongly depicted my inmost feelings, I found a pleasure, as great as it was fleeting.

“On one of these occasions I had prolonged my ramble beyond my wont, and found myself close to the ruins of an old baronial castle; wearied by my walk, I sat down on one of the crumbling walls, and the silence and beauty of the spot soon beguiled me into my favourite employment. I had written some seven or eight verses, when a sudden breeze springing up wafted the paper from my lap, and carried it far away ere I even thought of securing it; and after all what did it signify? No one could know whose hand had traced the uneven and unsteady lines! I almost felt a pleasure at the thought of some one chancing upon it, and sympathizing with the writer while

reading the tale of sadness and solitude of soul therein portrayed. While these thoughts passed idly through my mind, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by footsteps slowly approaching. Looking quickly up, I saw a tall, fine young man drawing near, eagerly perusing a letter or paper he held in his hand: as he came up I recognized my verses. Taking off his hat and bowing, he politely asked me ‘if I had lost the piece of paper?’

“‘Yes—no!’ I hastily and hesitatingly replied; but as I held out my hand at the same time, he evidently concluded my first answer was the true one, for he tendered me the verses, and with another bow passed on. Vexed and annoyed, I returned home, resolving to be more careful of my manuscripts in future. Happening to turn my head, as I entered my father’s shop (for there was no private entrance), I found the stranger had followed me, for he was but a few yards in my rear; he reddened, as he perceived I had observed him. With a beat-



ing heart I entered my humble home, feeling more than usually depressed.

“The next morning, my father being extremely busy, had called me into the shop to attend upon an old lady; while thus engaged, I observed the stranger watching me from the window. Despite all my efforts to appear unconscious, I felt the blood mount to my cheeks, and in my eagerness to be released from my now painful position, I sold a remnant of black velvet to my astonished customer for about one tenth of its value! Fearful lest I should retract my words, the old lady bustled off, carrying the precious velvet with her. I had folded up the last article of the many I had deposited on the counter, for my customer’s inspection, when the door opened and the stranger walked in, and asked me to show him some cambric handkerchiefs; he purchased a dozen of the finest, and hurried away without once betraying that he had recognized me.

“What was my astonishment to see a



letter on the counter addressed as follows: 'To the lovely author of *The sorrowing soul*.' I snatched it up and hastened to conceal it in my pocket; and as soon as I could escape unobserved, I flew to my room and eagerly perused it.

"The letter was manly, honest, and candid. The writer declared himself the son of a nobleman residing in our county, and whose mother was one of our chief customers. He begged me to meet him that evening, to tell him if he could do aught to soothe the sorrow under which I appeared to labour; and stated that for some weeks he had followed and watched me—that he could not be happy until I had granted him an interview; and he wound up by declaring he would call (that evening), if I did not come to the glen before seven o'clock.

"Without a moment's hesitation I went to my mother and told her of my adventure on the preceding day, spoke of the verses (though carefully concealing their painful nature), and showed her the letter, quite

forgetful of that part referring to my hidden grief. My mother entreated me to tell her what ailed me; I put her off, by saying that I felt grieved at all my schoolfellows having forsaken me since I had quitted the school.

“ ‘Never mind, my darling, they are not worth fretting about; you are as good as *them folks* (my mother’s mode of expression was one of my chief sources of pain); and if you follow my advice, you’ll be as rich and grand too, some day.’ However, in spite of my mother’s counsels, I firmly refused to go to the glen, even though she offered to accompany me.

“ But my strength begins to fail me, and I feel, in order to tell the whole of my tale, I must do so in as few words as possible.

“ Not meeting with me in the glen, Mr. Fenton found an excuse to call on my father, was introduced, and being of a romantic turn of mind, my parents’ position seemed rather to induce him to cultivate the acquaintance than otherwise.

“My heart was soon gained; and urged on by the united wishes of my lover and my parents, who thought me good enough to wed a lord, I consented to a private marriage. I will not linger on the first and last happy period of my life, lest the sequel should become too painful to relate, by reason of the contrast.

“At the end of six months my husband wrote and told his father, Sir John Fenton, the step he had taken. The answer was short and bitter: his allowance would at once be discontinued, and he would for ever be an alien from his friends and relations. The selfish old Baronet ended by congratulating himself on having two sons older than the one he now renounced.

“This broke my mother’s heart; and after a lingering illness, she died, leaving my poor father inconsolable. Fresh troubles sprung up. A London draper came down, and settled in our village, and my father, too care-worn and anxious to compete with the new comer, saw his customers gradually

diminish, without one effort to retain them; and, at last, he sold his business to his shopman, for a mere trifle; sank half his little fortune in a small annuity for himself, and, presenting the other half to my husband, bade him do his best with it to support his wife.

“Having friends in Paris, my husband brought me here, and two years passed away without his obtaining any employment; in these two years our little all was spent, and beggary was staring us in the face, when my husband was offered a situation as clerk to one of the railways, at a salary of 2000 francs (£80) per annum. He gladly accepted it, and for a time we again felt happy and contented; and then, my boy was born. This event crowned our happiness, gave my husband fresh courage, and filled my heart with joy and hope. Alas! how transient! I felt myself getting weaker every day. My child’s light weight was soon too heavy for me; and fresh expenses arose, for Herbert, always careful of

me—always too indulgent—would have a nurse. Hitherto, I had done all the work, as well as tend upon my child. Then, a doctor became a necessity; and he looked grave, and talked of lungs affected, and constitution worn out, by anxiety of mind. I *would* know the truth. He told me kindly, and with pity shining in his eyes, that I had not many months to live. One request I made him, that he would conceal the truth from my husband; what put the idea into my head, I know not; but how thankful I am now, that the good man agreed to humour me.

“But I must end, my brain reels, as I proceed, and the dreadful tale is yet untold.

“That day week, as I sat listening for my husband’s return, and hushing my child to sleep, heavy footsteps began to ascend the stairs, and presently my door opened, and my husband’s mangled corpse was brought in and laid on the bed! He had slipped from the platform, and an engine had passed over him.



“God, alone, who gives strength to the despairing, knows how I survived this awful blow. My husband has now been laid in the ground three months; during that time my strength has gradually given way, and I feel that the end is not far, and I rejoice at it; for, although I leave a helpless babe, who will never know more a mother’s care, yet I leave him in his Heavenly Father’s hands, who will watch over and keep him.

“April 28th. To-day I have heard my doom. I have but a few days more to live. To-day, no, *not* to-day; I *must* have *one* more day with thee, my child—*one* more day, and *one* more night; and *then*—then, yes, then I will place thee in the Orphan’s Home, the refuge for poor desolate babes, like thee. May God grant that thou fall into kind and friendly hands, my child, my darling child!”

Here the manuscript was abruptly ended. Evidently the mother could write no more. Mrs. Fenton’s marriage certificate, and that of her child’s baptism, were enclosed in it.

As Deywood, whose voice had become



hoarse and broken, concluded, he rose from his seat, and going to Mr. Beverly, whose eyes were moist with pity's tears, he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and said,

“The poor woman's prayer has been heard, for her child has fallen into the power of one whose kindness knows no bounds.”

“There, there,” said Mr. Beverly, as he rose hastily from his seat—“I am sure the ladies must need rest after their fatigue; as for me, I'm off to bed—good night, good night!” he continued, as he shook each by the hand; and then, as he hurried from the room, he was heard to mutter—“If it were but a girl!”

## CHAPTER XIX.

And as these flowers, thy joys shall die,  
E'en in the twinkling of an eye;  
And all thy hopes of her shall wither  
Like those short sweets thus knit together.

WHILE all the events, just recorded, had been succeeding each other with bewildering swiftness, poor Ada lay tossing on her bed weary and restless, too ill to take any interest in aught but her own individual sorrows. She longed for her father's arrival—for home—for sympathy! Mary would have soothed her by whispering kind words of hope, but Miss Percival never left the

sick room for more than a few minutes at a time: for she was one of those who fancy that, unless invalids be tormented by questions and inquiries every moment, they cannot be said to be properly nursed and cared for; so she bored poor Ada with her over-anxiety, and rendered her condition almost unbearable, by constantly calling attention to what she was pleased to term "her prudent watchfulness." This prudence consisted in denying the sufferer everything she happened to fancy, and perseveringly insisting upon her taking all that was most distasteful and unpleasant. Thanks, however, to M. de Contour's skill, the fever had abated, and Ada was soon on the mending list, although still confined to her bed, and in mind, nothing the better for her aunt's tormenting observations; for no sooner did Miss Percival see that her niece was in a fair way to recover, than she worried her by grumbling at the vast amount of fatigue she had undergone, while acting as nurse; hinting that she had to thank "the whipper-

snapper curate" for it all; and if evil wishes in this case had prospered, the poor young man would have been a sad instance of an individual "wished away"—Miss Percival, in her ire, having named as places fit for him, Bath, Jericho, and—she did not know where—in short, *further* than that!

But evil wishes do *not* always do their errand; for, on the day Ada was allowed to sit up, for the first time since her illness, a letter was brought to her, addressed in an unknown hand. It ran as follows:—

"I trust it will be no matter of surprise to you to receive this letter. Long ere this, my manner must have betrayed the feelings of my heart. I feel for you, dear Ada, what I have never before felt for any woman! I love you, Ada, and all my future happiness depends on your reply. If you cannot as yet reciprocate my feelings, still do not wholly reject my affection; tell me that you will try to love me. Do not condemn me to a future

that I dare not contemplate—a future to be passed alone! From the first time I saw you, your gentleness and sweetness made an impression on me never to be effaced. Ada, you are enfolded in the inmost recesses of my heart. No change of circumstances could alter my love, except to make it deeper, fonder.

“Let me hear from you quickly, Ada, dearest Ada. I cannot endure delay. Now that, through the kindness of Mr. Beverly, I am in possession of a living in Sussex, I feel that I cannot wait another hour without telling you how much I love and esteem you, this my poverty, hitherto, has made me, in honor, conceal.

“If you can give me the blessed assurance that I am not indifferent to you, that you will permit me to spend my life in striving to render you happy—then, as my wife, you shall be loved as few have ever been loved before; and death only shall divide us.

“But, let your answer be what it may,

you will always have one friend, whose most earnest desire will be for your happiness and welfare.

“EDWARD HINTON.”

Poor Ada was so overcome by the perusal of this unexpected, but welcome letter, that Mary, who happened to be the only other person then present, was alarmed by her sister's sudden paleness, and hastened to offer her some restoratives; these, however, Ada thrust aside, and, bursting into tears, laid her head on Mary's shoulder as she pointed to the letter, evidently intending her to read it.

Mary hastily devoured the contents, and, kissing her poor sick sister, bade her “dry her eyes and be cheerful, for she saw nothing to cry for in her prospects now.”

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Ada, “I cried for very joy. I knew,” she added with a blush, “that he loved me, but I also knew how poor he was, and that aunt would never overlook *that* in him; and now this sudden



acquisition of a living, and his promptitude in telling me of it, has quite bewildered me. I shall soon get well now, I feel. Hitherto, I have been so hopeless, and so worried by aunt's remarks on what she calls my *folly*, that I have scarcely cared whether I lived or died!"

"You must not talk in that way," replied Mary; "we ought all to try and preserve life as long as we can, as we may be sure, while God permits us still to sojourn here, we have something yet to do, in our sphere of action; and to see what that is, and to know how to fulfil the duties of it, we have only to ask Him, and our steps will be guided, and our pathway through life lighted, by His Holy Spirit."

"Ah," sighed Ada, "how wicked I have been, in thus wasting my time in useless lamentations and bitter thoughts. Oh, how unworthy I am of this blessing now befallen me!"

"Do not say so, dear sister," answered

Mary; "you may have indulged your grief too much; yet God, who planted the affections in our heart, knows how hard the trial has been, and His mercy is great in proportion."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Miss Percival, who was at once shown the letter. At first she was indignant; but when she had perused it a second time, and upon contemplating Ada's wan and anxious face, she changed her tone, and wished her niece joy; trying to justify the part she had acted throughout, by saying, "she had been actuated by no other feelings than those of kindness, knowing, from ocular demonstration, that people cannot live on love!" She did not stop to give utterance to her *after* thoughts, suggested by, perhaps, a conscience somewhat uneasy: namely, that the young folks *might* have done *much* with the three thousand pounds she intended to bestow on Ada, and that, in having so directly stopped all intercourse between them, she

had done *all* she could to sever two fond hearts, to whom separation was next to "death!"

Oh! woman! thy mission is to cheer, to comfort, to love, to cherish! then why, *why* is it thou pervertest the best feelings of thy heart, by giving way to the sordid customs of "*the world*," and so changest thy gentle nature for one often so hard and cruel?

Scarcely had the trio recovered their wonted tranquillity, when it was again put to the rout by the arrival of Mr. Lloyd, who was shocked to find his daughter looking so sadly.

Miss Percival, with a kindness most strange to witness, drew Mary from the room, in order to give Ada the opportunity to tell of the proposal made by Mr. Hinton (formerly designated "whipper-snapper" by Miss Percival). Mr. Lloyd was pleased with the style of the letter, and knowing the young man by name, through some one of the odd coincidences of this life, gladly gave

his consent to the union. Ada, full of gratitude for this cheerful acquiescence in her wishes, was loth to disturb the peace of their interview; but she had a task to fulfil, one which she had intended to begin by a letter to her father, had not her illness called him so suddenly to her side. This task had been urged upon her by Ellen, during the conversation they had held upon Oscar Deywood's attachment to Fanny!

"You have made me very happy, dear papa," she said at length; "but there is one thing that would increase my happiness tenfold." Here she looked inquiringly at her father. He asked her what it was?

"From Miss Colinwood I have heard that—that Oscar Deywood is in Paris, and he is, I find, still grieving for poor Fanny's loss. Oh! papa, dear papa! do be guided by the dictates of your kind heart, and cease to stand between their love!"

Ada could say no more. She fell back in her chair, and sat anxiously watching her

father's face. Every muscle seemed convulsed, and the struggle was fearful to behold. At last, he said:

“Why do you expect I shall give in now, when I have allowed six years to pass without showing any change of opinion?”

“I dare not hope you will; yet something tells me, father, that no one has a right to judge another, as you have judged poor Deywood. If he see no harm in mixing in society, and indulging in a little innocent gaiety, I believe there is no harm for him; there would be for you, if, with your ideas on the subject, you thus mingled with the worldly-minded, as you term them; for you would act against your feeling of right; whereas, he does not; and how do you know but had you allowed him to marry dear Fanny, he might, now, be all even you could wish?”

Never had Ada dared, till this moment, to speak her mind so freely to her father, of whom, hitherto, she had stood in great awe;



although often while listening to his stern maxims, she had caught herself wishing in her heart “that he were not *quite* so religious, if his religion made him so hard!” She almost believed herself in a dream, when, instead of a reprimand for her boldness in defending the lover’s cause, her father, with a sad smile, said:

“Ada, you are right, my child. I *have* been too severe. I have asked myself many times lately, when I have watched Fanny’s languid looks, if I had really the right thus to blight her young heart’s hopes; and mature, and I trust fervent and sincere meditation, has opened my eyes to the fact, that, in dividing those two, I have not only exceeded my rightful authority, but have acted against God’s commands! I will see Deywood shortly, and I shall hope to atone for my past harshness by hastening his marriage with poor Fanny!”

And Mr. Lloyd did see Deywood, who was nearly beside himself with joy when the old rector exposed his change of



views ; and he, at once, sat down and wrote a long letter to Fanny, in which the pent up feelings of six long years of separation, burst forth with such effusion that sheet after sheet of paper was consumed as he poured out his love, his hopes, his fears. Eagerly he awaited an answer. Three days passed, yet no reply. How was this? To solve the mystery, and spare the reader's feelings, I will quote a few lines from the *Times*, which appeared on the fifth day after the above-mentioned letter was written:—

“ On the 9th inst., at the Rectory, suddenly, aged twenty, Fanny, the third daughter of the Reverend James Lloyd, of Totness.”

She had borne grief for years, and still appeared strong and well, although so pale and care-worn ; but such joy was too great for her ! She had only gleaned the purport of the letter, when the sudden revulsion of feeling brought on a fit of apoplexy ; she never spoke again,

and died within a few hours after the attack.

Mr. Lloyd had thought to repair the anguish he had caused, by consenting to his daughter's marriage with Deywood; and he had felt happier than he had done for years in contemplating this union; but he, who had taken such a responsibility upon himself, as that of swaying the destinies of two of his fellow-beings, suddenly, found himself no longer in a position to do so. His child dead! Dead, through the very means he had chosen for making *her* happy, and *himself* at peace with his own conscience!

Deywood's grief was dreadful to see, yet, in stifling it before his mother, and still continuing to be her comfort and support, *he* showed himself a true and faithful Christian, although, *to some*, his ways may have seemed to partake of a worldly nature!

When the news of poor Fanny's death reached Paris, Mr. Lloyd, accompanied

by Mary and Deywood, started immediately for England. Ada was still too ill to travel, so she remained with her aunt, and mourned in silence, over her sister's untimely end.

## CHAPTER XX.

“ Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.”

“ KING HENRY THE SIXTH.”

WHILE the Lloyd family was thus thrown into the midst of such great sorrow, Ellen, though deeply feeling for her two young friends, and also for poor Deywood, was gradually reviving under the cheerful aspect of her lover's recovery. He had rapidly improved from the day the crisis of his disease took place, and at the end of a fortnight

was able to sit up. Mr. Colinwood and Ellen were constantly with him, and, under the latter's careful nursing, he throve amazingly; in fact, Mr. Beverly, who owed him a grudge for having teased him on the acquisition of such "a fine boy" (putting great stress upon the noun), asserted as his firm conviction that he, Beaumont (as he now familiarly termed him), was quite strong and well, and that he only gave way to fidgets in order to retain his nurse's sympathy and attentions.

A happy time was this for the lovers. What ecstasy there was in sitting together, hand in hand, while Ellen's father read to them aloud; and when William was able to drive out for a short time, how happy he was while describing to Ellen the different public buildings they passed, or in reciting anecdotes of his youthful days—for he and his brother had been at school during three years at Paris.

What a blissful time is that which, more immediately, follows the union of two fond

hearts! Does not the very soul overflow with love and kindness? Each moment spent in the cherished one's society is precious beyond all value; every look, every word is so vividly traced on the mind, that, at will, each scene can again take place, each sentence be repeated, when absence places its barrier between them. Oh! happy time! when hope, deceitful hope, fills the heart with such joy, that it would seem as though sorrow never more could enter there! And yet it will; these bright eyes will look dim, these sweet smiles may be turned to tears; but let us trust that it may not be soon.

After due consultation, it was resolved that Ellen should remain in Paris, until William should be able to travel; that Mr. Colinwood and his friend Beverly should, at once, return to England, together with the infant and his nurse, for the chambermaid, who first had the care of the poor little thing, took such a fancy to him, particularly when she heard his history that she (like a true



Frenchwoman), volunteered to become his nurse, even though she would be called upon to quit *la belle France*. The day previous to their departure, Mr. Beverly and Mr. Colinwood happened to be passing the Morgue, when the former's curiosity led him to suggest going in, he never having seen the interior. Accordingly, they entered, and the first object, that caught our old friend's eye, was the lifeless body of Mrs. Fenton! Extremely shocked, he communicated the fact to Mr. Colinwood, who immediately made inquiry as to where the poor woman had been found; and he learned that she had been picked up quite dead by the entrance to the *Maison des Enfants Trouvés* that morning. Doubtless the wretched mother had gone to visit the spot where she had last seen her child, and that the exertion, and consequent, exhaustion had hastened her melancholy end.

Mr. Beverly, with his usual kindness, gave orders for a decent funeral; and on returning to the hotel where William was staying,

the good old man charged him to see a simple and appropriate stone erected over the unfortunate creature's grave.

Was it a tear that glistened in Mr. Beverly's eye when next he caught sight of his orphan charge? Yes, reader; and as he bent over and caressed the infant, it fell on the little one's frock, and, for an instant, it shone there brighter far than any diamond.

Charles Beaumont, now that his brother was convalescent, began to wish to return to England and his love; and his thoughts were soon discovered by William, who urged him to accompany Mr. Colinwood, telling him that, as soon as he felt well enough, he would not be slow to follow.

Charles did not require much pressing, so, on the day after the visit to the Morgue, the trio departed.

Mrs. Deywood, who did not know that Mr. Lloyd had given his consent to her son's marriage with Fanny, was not as anxious as might be expected; she naturally felt that Deywood would grieve at the

death of his first and only love, yet, as she had long since considered that he had got over the disappointment, she imagined that the shock, though great, would soon be forgotten.

She little knew what struggles his outward composure and apparent gaiety cost her noble son.

Under Mrs. Deywood's care Ellen passed many delightful hours with William; and thus a month glided imperceptibly away; by this time the invalid had almost regained his wonted health, his lameness, however, still continued, but, as Ellen thought it made him look interesting, he cared little about it—so soon became used to the inconvenience. He was most anxious to get back to England, as arrangements were to be made, immediately on his arrival, for his marriage with Ellen; so he now wrote and informed his brother and Mr. Colinwood that he felt quite able to undertake the journey, and asked the latter if he did not intend to come over for Ellen?

The letter was answered by Mr. Beverly

in person ; he came, at Mr. Colinwood's request: the latter, having a rather anxious cause in hand, could not absent himself. Mr. Beverly was always glad when employed in serving Ellen, so he was full of spirits, though of course grumbled at every thing as usual.

He brought flourishing accounts of his baby-charge; and when once he got upon that subject of conversation, it was hard to turn him from it; yet, he tried to persuade his hearers that it was to solicit sympathy that he so detailed the infant's funny ways, for he would say, "Though nurse exclaims, '*Comme il est drôle!*' I cannot see anything droll in having my eyes nearly poked out by little sticky fingers, or a clean cravat crumpled by his lilliputian tugs." However, it was easy to see that his thoughts were divided between Ellen and "that young Turk," as he called the above mentioned little individual, whose real name was Clifford; but occasionally he was denominated *Pet*, *Lambkin*, *Tootsum*, or, by his nurse, *Petit*

*ange* or *Petit monstre*. Whether she considered the terms synonymous, or whether she used them according to the child's merits for the time being, was never quite understood. "*Petit monstre*" did just as he pleased, and, to all appearance, liked one name as well as another.

Mr. Colinwood had sent Ellen over a handsome sum of money, wherewith to purchase her *trousseau*, which, strange to say, she had not yet thought of, although so all-engrossing an object with most brides elect.

Mr Beverly accompanied her often when she went shopping, and one day, while she was engaged trying on sundry bonnets and selecting head dresses, he suddenly called her attention to a minute structure of blue quilted satin, suspended on one of those unwieldy poles (which ever act obediently to the milliner's hand, but always whirl round and fall over when any one *else* even looks at them), and said, in rather a husky whisper, "Just suit young Turk—eh?" and forth-



with was going to purchase it, when Ellen, scarcely able to speak for laughter, informed him it was for a girl.

“ Oh !” said he, with almost a groan, “ I forgot he was a boy—ugh !”

Shopping and sight-seeing consumed three more weeks, and then their departure drew near. During this time Mrs. Deywood heard frequently from her son, who wrote sadly, yet with resignation, concerning his loss: she was constantly with Ellen, advising and sympathizing with her in her joy, as deeply as she would have done, had she been in grief.

Miss Percival and Ada, who had now nearly recovered, were to travel back to England with their friends, when Ada was to return home to her father, and Mary was again to take up her abode with her aunt until, as that lady observed, “ *she* picked up some whipper-snapper or other.”

On the day of the journey they all met at Mrs. Deywood's, to spend the afternoon and evening previous to starting, which they



proposed doing, by the eleven o'clock train, for Boulogne, in order to catch the early boat next day.

While sitting round the tea-table (for Mrs. Deywood still adhered to that old English fashion), they were surprised by the arrival of Oscar, whom his mother did not expect for some days; he said, "when he heard that his friends were on the point of starting for England, he hastened to return, that he might see them ere they departed."

He looked paler and thinner than ever; and poor Mrs. Deywood, for the first time, realized how much he had suffered, and, as she strained him to her heart, he felt she now knew the truth, and, as he retained her fond embrace, he murmured, "My mother! now my all!" Yet, he strove to be cheerful, and all but the mother's eye were deceived. So the evening passed quickly away, and the friends parted with warm wishes and hearty expressions of remembrance.

The journey was as comfortable as sea sickness, useless delays, and custom-house officers

would permit it to be, and by six o'clock on the eve of the day after they had quitted Paris, they all reached Welbeck Street in safety. Miss Percival and Ada were to stay the night there, and the two gentlemen remained to dinner; Charles Beaumont, with his beautiful *fiancée* and her mother, were there to meet them; and a happy party they formed indeed! Ada, alone, felt sad—sad at the loss of her dear sister; perhaps she felt that *she* wanted some one near and dear to soothe and comfort her.

When the first warm greetings were over, the ladies retired to their rooms. Ellen hastened her toilette, eager to rejoin her father (who had begged her not to be long), and returned to the drawing-room, where she found him seated and in conversation with a gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Hinton; she expressed her great pleasure at seeing him; and then Mr. Colinwood, apologizing for leaving his guest, drew her from the room and bade her fetch Ada without delay, and then endeavour to pre-

vent Miss Percival from leaving her dressing-room for at least a good half-hour; promising, for his part, to stand sentinel at the door like a very Cerberus, and so give the lovers a quiet chat together.

Thanking her father for so kindly thinking of her friend's happiness, Ellen flew up stairs, and, without telling her why, dragged Ada down to the drawing-room, and, after seeing her safely inside, left her to recover her astonishment as best she might; knowing full well she would the sooner do so by being unobserved by any one besides Mr. Hinton.

Mr. Colinwood kept his word and gave the lovers the half-hour; then, followed by his daughter, entered the room, though he was seized with such a violent fit of coughing, as he turned the handle of the door, that Ellen was quite alarmed, and said, "My dear papa, what a bad cold you have; I think it is time I came home to look after you."

"Yes," said Mr. Colinwood, "I think I

must have got a cold, and shall be glad to take any remedies you think fit to prescribe if it be not better to-morrow, my darling."

But as he did *not* cough again, we will hope that the presence of his child was all sufficient to cure any little cold he might have taken.

The dinner went off as seldom dinners do, every one was pleased, and happiness reigned over all. Miss Percival, though occasionally indulging herself in a little spiteful speech, smiled serenely when Mr. Hinton asked her to take wine.

Then after dinner how nicely they all paired off. Mr. Colinwood ensconced Mrs. Dickenson in an easy chair and seated himself by her; Mr. Beverly and Miss Percival secured a warm part of the room, each being mortally afraid of a draught. Charles Beaumont and Jane sat and chatted near the fire—the latter not being so much in love as to care about sitting, like William and Ellen, in a remote corner with cold hands and feet, with *only* a

*tête-à-tête* conversation to make up for the discomfort;—she was *proud* of her lover, of his handsome face and his many talents, but she preferred his paying his homage in sight of the world; *she* could not enjoy those sweet intervals of undisturbed converse with the loved one, for she did not, *could* not love; but Charles was satisfied, so who had a right to complain? Ada and Mr. Hinton sat also, like our hero and Ellen, in a secluded part of the room, and enjoyed *their* dream of love to the full.

It was late when the party broke up; and when the guests had departed, Ellen sat with her father for two hours, talking over her plans and cheering him by promises of always being the same to him.

The reader may have been surprised that James and Clara were not of the party; he must know that they were, at that time, making a tour in Germany, and were only expected back in time to assist at Ellen's wedding, which was fixed to take place on



the 2nd of July, and to that happy time there wanted but ten days.

Charles and Jane were to be united on the same day; and, that the brothers might not be separated on that occasion, Mr. Colinwood had, that night, got Mrs. Dickenson to consent to let her daughter be married from his house.

The next morning Miss Percival and Ada started for Totness, accompanied by Mr. Hinton, who wished to be presented to the family without delay: he had explained to Ada the mystery of the living being so opportunely bestowed upon him. The reader knows already that good old Mr. Beverly wrote to his friend on behalf of the young curate. A few days after the receipt of the letter Mr. Devanant called and informed him that Mr. Beverly had mentioned his case to him; he then begged Mr. Hinton to accept the vacant living of Ewhurst.

Charles Beaumont had succeeded in disposing of his practice in Scarborough, and had



purchased one in London, where, during his brother's stay in Paris, he took up his abode in a nice house in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.

Miss Percival and Ada had only just taken their leave when the Beaumonts called, and after a somewhat lengthy conversation with Mr. Colinwood, they, accompanied by Ellen, went to Mrs. Dickenson's to draw out their plans for the approaching happy day.

It was arranged that Jane and her mother should come to Ellen a few days previous to the wedding, that none but relatives and a few very old friends should be invited, and that, for the amusement of these guests, invitations should be issued for a large evening party on that day, so that the sadness of parting might, in some measure, be counteracted by the excitement of receiving the guests, as this would necessarily devolve on Mr. Colinwood and Mrs. Dickenson.

The rest of the day was spent in shopping and visit paying.

During the ten days that followed the return to England all was bustle and confusion.

Mrs. Mutton was nearly beside herself with joy at the prospect of having so sweet a mistress; and she toiled and worked night and day to have everything in "apple-pie order," as she called it, by when the young couple should return home.

Mr. Colinwood, assisted by Mr. Beverly (when not too much taken up with *Tootsum*) invaded jewellers' shops and fancy repositories, in order to purchase endless useful and ornamental articles for his darling child.

It is astonishing what relief warm hearted persons feel, when overflowing with thoughts of coming separation, in lavishly spending their money on the loved object with whom they must part so soon.

Mrs. Dickenson and Jane, the least excited because the least feeling of all the persons interested in the coming event, quietly consulted first-rate milliners and dressmakers, and awaited the arrival of the

auspicious day, with a composure surprising to behold.

William's time was fully occupied in re-furnishing and decorating his house, in visiting his long-neglected patients, and in dreaming dreams of love and happiness with his Ellen, whenever their many engagements allowed them any interval of rest.

Ellen, of course, was the busiest of the busy, she had no one to help her, for Jane never offered to lend her any assistance, even after she came to stay with her; her thoughts were all upon her *trousseau*, and seeing that Charles altered such things in his house as she chose to consider unsightly, and she did not scruple to give her opinion, even when, in his fondness, her lover had planned some little surprise for her; so that he found it rather hard to please her, yet he seemed to love her all the more for her coldness.

So poor Ellen bustled about, wrote letters, gave orders, paid visits, received them, and

in short arranged every thing with a marvellous rapidity, and at the end of the ninth day she was thoroughly tired.

Amongst the invited guests was *Tootsum*. Ellen would have him present, she said, or all would not be complete. In the evening her brother and Clara arrived; this crowned Ellen's happiness; she enjoyed their society the more from having been so long deprived of it.

So much had occurred since last the sisters-in-law had met, that the evening fled ere Ellen had half unfolded the trials and anxieties she had undergone; for, although Clara had been in Welbeck Street the greater part of the time Ellen was in Paris, yet, as Mr. Colinwood knew nothing of his daughter's engagement, she also had remained in ignorance of it till Mr. Colinwood's return to England after his second visit to the French capital. So she now eagerly questioned our heroine, and, with a woman's keen love of the romantic, drank in the tale with avidity.

The clock had struck twelve before the ladies parted for the night.

When Ellen entered her room, she found a large parcel lying on the table addressed to her.

She opened it, and beheld, not without a shudder, "the picture" which had caused her so much uneasiness at the commencement of her acquaintance with William.

Poor Mr. Beverly had driven all over London to find into whose hands the painting had fallen, and had, at last, traced it to a lady, who, now being in reduced circumstances, most gladly parted with it.

All that night Ellen was haunted in her dreams by that strange wedding gift.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“Earthly things  
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;  
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,  
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.”

KIRK WHITE.

ON the borders of Worcestershire, surrounded by a rich and extensive wood, stands a fine old mansion, whose irregular style of architecture would puzzle a much abler pen than mine to describe, and much more to determine at what period of England's history it could have been erected. The probability is, that the foundation was



laid some hundred and odd years ago, and that, as time rolled on, and new occupants succeeded each other, they effected such repairs as were necessary, by modern additions and improvements, till little of the original structure now remains; but still the mark of antiquity is stamped on more than one portion of the vast building, by no means deteriorating from its beauty, but giving to its general appearance a staid and majestic look, which one seldom meets with in our modern structures.

The park is approached by two roads, each terminating at a lodge, through either of whose wide heavy gates the visitor immediately enters a broad and stately avenue of trees, which leads up to the right or left wing of the building, according to whether he choose east or west lodge. On issuing from the avenue, a noble view presents itself to the lover of fine scenery.

In front of the house lies a vast lawn, stretching away and following the direction

of the avenues on either side for more than two hundred yards, when it suddenly terminates at the brink of a clear and rippling stream, over which on both sides hang graceful weeping willows. On the opposite bank lies the park, thickly studded with noble trees, reposing 'neath whose shade, in summer, may be seen hundreds of deer; but at the beginning of the month of March the scenery, though grand, is far less beautiful, and it is this season of the year that I have chosen for introducing my readers to the occupants of Wulstan Manor.

The proprietor of this splendid seat was no other than Sir John Fenton. That he was a proud and stern man, the reader must already have discovered, from his conduct towards his youngest son, whose untimely end I have so lately described. Yes, Sir John was a proud man—proud of his descent (for he boasted that Plantagenet blood coursed in his veins)—proud of his learning, and proud of his wealth. The one thing of which he might justly have been proud was his wife,

a pretty, gentle, affectionate creature—affectionate to him even still, although he, by his ill-usage, had long since forfeited and lost her love.

Strange to say, he was neither proud nor fond of her; he had married her for her wealth and rank (for she, too, was of noble birth), and it would seem that, to compensate to himself for a bitter disappointment he had experienced in an *affaire de cœur*, he resolved that his wife's fate should equal his own in bitterness; and bitter, indeed, had been her married life. Treated with indifference, from the very commencement of her marriage, she, when her children were born, centred all her love on them—her three darling boys, as she called them. Yet through them her hard-hearted husband dealt her the heaviest blow he had yet attempted. Seeing her fondness for the boys, he treated them with such harshness and severity, that the little fellows' lives were made as miserable as their unfortunate mother's.

Ralph and Horace, who were strong and healthy, were sent early to a public school; so early, that the good instilled into their young minds by Lady Fenton was soon uprooted, and her influence over them grew less and less, till the fear of offending Sir John, by showing any sort of affection for her, combined with the restraint put upon them when at home, so completely alienated their affections from her that she lost all power over them.

Not so with Herbert, the youngest. He being delicate, was kept at home till a much more advanced age; so the good seed, sown in his heart, grew and flourished and strengthened with his strength, till he became all that his fond mother could wish to see him. I will leave the reader to imagine Lady Fenton's grief at losing her son by his clandestine marriage, for he was lost to her entirely; her husband prevented any correspondence between them, by keeping the most guarded watch over the letter-bags, so she was compelled to remain in ignorance,

not of his whereabouts, but of what his means of gaining a livelihood might be.

The news of his death came to her in this wise:—

Sir John and she were at breakfast when the letter-bag was brought in, opened by the former, and several letters perused in silence; then he drew forth one sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post-mark; he broke the seal and read of his son's dreadful end, without moving a muscle of his face; having finished, he tossed the letter across the table, contenting himself with saying, "*Your* son (laying particular stress on the pronoun) Herbert is dead, I find."

Then, taking up the newspaper, he betook himself to its perusal, apparently in the happiest frame of mind. Lady Fenton did not faint, nor even shriek; she took this last bitter drop in her already overflowing cup in silence; but her grief was the more intense on that account. There but remains to describe the elder sons. This I can do in a few words. They were gentlemanly in

appearance, but not in habits; dissipated, selfish, extravagant, and reckless, they were a source of grief to their mother, and a constant anxiety to Sir John, whom they neither loved nor respected.

Since her son's death, Lady Fenton had gradually been sinking; physicians had prescribed for her in vain; she had become weaker day by day, till she was no longer able to leave her dressing-room, where she was wheeled every morning by her maid. Sir John never troubled himself about her, he knew she could have all she needed for her bodily comfort, and to the state of her mind, he chose to appear quite indifferent, or at least unconscious that she had ought to trouble her.

She was the only one who wore mourning in memory of the poor alien; and her husband would have prevented even her, but her crushed spirit seemed to rouse itself to its youthful vigour, on this occasion, and she, for the first and last time, effectually



thwarted Sir John's wishes in the matter.

The village of M—— was situated about sixteen miles West of Wulstan Manor. It was a retired, primitive looking place, boasting only of about twenty-five or thirty houses, or rather huts, these inhabited chiefly by farm labourers and their families; there were but three shops in the village, if indeed they were worthy the name; namely, a butcher, a baker, and a general dealer, who, in a modest way, united all the remaining trades, from a chemist downwards. The proprietor preferred being styled "chemist," although he might, with equal justice, have been called grocer, cheesemonger, tinker, shoemaker, or even postmaster, for the letter-bag was deposited with him, when one chanced to be sent to M——, which happened but seldom.

He was even a lodging-house keeper; for being a bachelor, and having a bed-room to spare, he let it, at four shillings, per week to

an old man who had suddenly appeared in the place nearly three years previous to the time of which I now write; whence coming, or to whom belonging, no one knew; and after he had taken up his abode with Mr. Pond, the "chemist," and was known to live quietly, give no trouble, and pay well, he ceased to be a subject of gossip for the rest of the villagers.

On the morning of the 9th of March, about ten o'clock, Mr. Pond's lodger put his head in at the former's parlour door, and asked if there were any letter for him? Mr. Pond answered blandly, that none had come, and that it was too late then to expect a letter-bag that morning.

Thanking his landlord, the old man turned away with a sorrowful countenance, and slowly mounted the narrow staircase which led to his room; arrived there, he proceeded to invest himself in a thick great coat, then taking his hat and stick he again descended to Mr. Pond's parlour, passed through it into the shop, and, to the astonishment of his

landlord, announced his intention of taking a walk (he had never left the house since quite the commencement of the winter, except to attend Divine service); and further stating that it might be late ere he returned home, he walked out, and slowly wended his way from the village.

The day was stormy; gusts of wind from time to time dashed the little particles of ice (for one could scarce call it snow) in the old man's face, with such violence, that he was feign to turn his back to the biting east-wind, and so regain his breath ere he again pursued his way.

To judge from his feeble manner, to the eye of a casual observer, his age might be somewhere about fifty-five or sixty; but on a more careful examination of his face and general appearance, he appeared nearer seventy.

His hair, as white as the snow falling around him, his sunken blood-shot eyes, and hollow, wrinkled cheeks, ought rather to have belonged to mature old age than to one scarcely past his prime, and Mr. Simpson

(poor Mrs. Fenton's father, for he it was) was barely fifty-eight.

For some time he walked briskly along, bravely facing the cold wind, and seemingly unmindful of the inclemency of the weather. At length, when he had crossed a bleak and dreary moor, he came to a road which wound up a steep hill. Here he halted, and for the first time appeared sensible of fatigue. He had walked upwards of eight miles, and had as many more to traverse ere he could arrive at his journey's end. While he stood contemplating the uninviting road which lay before him, the sound of wheels fell on his ear, and presently a light cart came in sight, driven by a stout, good-humoured looking man, who, seeing the weary look of the pedestrian, drew up, and in a broad country accent inquired whither he was bound.

"I am going to Wulstan Manor," replied Mr. Simpson, "and I fear I have yet a long walk before me."

"Aye, a long rough un, I's warrant, you'll find her, if you're bent upon footing it ; but

I'm agoing by there myself, so if so be you'll get up into my trap, you'll be there in less than noa time."

"Sir, I thank you much," said the old man, "for I shall indeed be glad to shorten my journey."

So saying, he mounted beside his new acquaintance, and the man drove slowly up the hill; but, on reaching the summit, he put his horse to a brisk trot, and in less than an hour he drew up at the west-lodge of the manor.

During the drive, the drifting snow and biting wind had effectually stopped all conversation between the two men; now, however, while Mr. Simpson was alighting from the vehicle, the man asked him if he were going to return that way, adding, that he should be passing by the lodge about three o'clock, and would gladly give him a lift as far as their road lay in the same direction.

Thanking him for his kind offer, Mr. Simpson said he should look out for him, as,



by that time, he would have transacted the business that had brought him so far from home.

The lodge-keeper was standing at the gate, attracted thither by the noise of the cart, and immediately admitted poor Mr. Simpson, who was stiff and numbed by the cold. Leaving him to pursue his way up the avenue, I must now conduct the reader to Sir John's library, where that gentleman was sitting comfortably by a blazing fire engaged in reading; evidently his study was an interesting one, for a frown crossed his face as he answered a tap at the door, by sharply calling out "Come in."

"If you please, Sir," said the footman who opened it, "a person is waiting in the hall, who wishes to see you on particular business."

"Show him in," was the brief response of the Baronet.

In a few minutes the door again opened, and Mr. Simpson entered, erect, yet bearing himself with respect. Glancing at his



visitor, Sir John inclined his head, and haughtily inquired his business.

“Sir,” said the old man, “I have come a long distance, in order to appeal to your justice and honour, and, not to trespass too long on your time, I will be brief, and at once inform you that I am the father of your late son’s wife.”

At these words the Baronet turned pale, and the frown deepened on his brow as he motioned his visitor to proceed.

“I have to acquaint you, Sir, with the sad fact, that my daughter is now, together with her infant son, in a state of utter destitution in Paris. I have not the means of helping her, having but a small annuity, with which I am scarcely able to maintain myself; you, who have wealth in abundance, can afford succour to these poor helpless ones, and I have now come to beg your aid in their behalf. I do not ask you to acknowledge them as your relatives; I merely ask you for a mite from your vast treasury to keep them from starving. *I* shared my little

fortune (the reward of hard and constant labour), with *your* son; therefore, I could, with justice, now claim your assistance for my daughter; but I will not think so hardly of you as to suppose you will deny me my request; I therefore await your answer with confidence."

The old man paused, breathless from the unwonted energy with which he had poured forth his complaint, and solicited the relief so much needed.

"My answer, sir," replied the Baronet, "shall be as brief as it is decisive. Not a penny will I give to the woman you call daughter, or to the child of the son I had disowned, before death, happily, saved him from further disgracing his family."

Then, rising and ringing the bell, he added, "I will give orders that refreshment be brought to you, ere you depart; the footman will show you the way to the servants' hall."

Aroused from a speechless kind of stupor, into which the commencement of the Baronet's speech had thrown him by the con-

cluding sentence, the wretched father stepped forward, and, raising his hand in a warning manner, said :

“ Save yourself the trouble, Sir John. I will never disgrace *myself* by taking bit nor sup under the roof of one who can thus refuse to help his own flesh and blood, and who is, in the sight of God, as great a murderer as he whose hand is dyed in the blood of his victim ; for with more than *one* death will you stand charged when all shall be summoned to render their last account.”

With these words, the old man rushed from the room, and, hastily crossing the hall, was soon on his way towards the lodge, where he had not to wait long ere the cart came in sight.

Once more he was seated beside the kind-hearted countryman, who, noticing his pallid and anxious looks, forbore to break in upon his evidently painful meditations, until they reached the cross-road where they had met in the morning ; here he stopped, and asked his companion which way he was going, and

upon finding he had to go to the village of M——, he goodnaturedly said he would drive him home, as the extra distance would neither hurt him nor his horse; “whereas,” he added, feelingly, “you’ll be noane the better for soa long and cauld a walk.”

In a short time he set the old man down at Mr. Pond’s door.

For some weeks poor Mr. Simpson waited in vain for a letter from his daughter; at length one arrived, in the well-known hand. It was written in a cheerful style, and so re-assured him, that he felt happier than he had done for many months. Little did he think that its cheerful tone had been adopted wholly and entirely to spare his feelings; for poor Mrs. Fenton, finding that her father was bent upon coming over to her—unless, indeed, she could return to England—wrote thus to save him the pain of witnessing her end, which she knew could not now be far off.

Mr. Simpson at once replied to the letter, and in his answer he entreated her to let

him know frequently how she was getting on, and concluded by again declaring that he would, on receiving his next dividend, come over and fetch her, that he might spend the remainder of his days with her.

It was long ere he obtained an answer to this letter. When it came, it was to bid him adieu for ever ! The wretched woman informed her father that when he received it she would be no more, as she meant to confide the letter to her landlady, with instructions not to post it until after her death. She also told him that she intended to place her child in the "*Orphan's Home*," that it might not be a burden to him in his declining years.

I must leave the reader to imagine the poor old man's grief when he first learnt his bereavement. For some days he refused to be comforted; kind little Mr. Pond used every means to rouse him from his agonizing grief, but in vain.

On the fourth day, however, after the receipt of his daughter's letter, the mail-

bag contained another addressed to him, sealed with black, and written in a business-like hand. The mourner opened it with eagerness. It was from our good friend Mr. Beverly, informing him of his meeting with Mrs. Fenton, and subsequent adoption of her child. He ended by begging the old man to come at once to London to see the little orphan, and urged him to take up his abode at his house until such time as he should find a suitable lodging near. Enclosed was a bank note for twenty pounds, which Mr. Beverly begged he would accept as a present from his little grandson.

This good news caused such a sudden reaction, that poor Mr. Simpson's state of mind became quite alarming, and it required all the united exertions of Mr. Pond and his housekeeper to calm his agitation. At last they succeeded, by gently urging upon him the necessity of commencing the preparations for his journey, which he forthwith began, and at the end of a week he started for London, and was received with



the greatest kindness by Mr. Beverly, who had had two rooms prepared for him near the nursery, so that the old man could go to and from it without being observed, and be as much alone as he pleased.

But it may be asked, how it was that Mr. Beverly came to discover Mr. Simpson's address? I will explain this in a few words.

Before quitting Paris Mr. Beverly ascertained where poor Mrs. Fenton had lodged; there he learned from the landlady that she had, that morning, on hearing that her lodger had been found dead in the street, posted the letter entrusted to her care. Fortunately the woman had taken the precaution of copying the address which she gave to Mr. Beverly, who resolved upon writing to the father immediately on arriving in England. The result of his kindness we have already seen.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“ Shall we their fondpageant see ?

Lord, what fools these mortals be !”

“MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.”

THE second of July was unwontedly fine, even for that bright and sunny month; the sky was cloudless, and the air was soft and balmy; all nature seemed to smile on this happy occasion.

By ten o’clock both brides were dressed, and so lovely did they appear, that it was difficult to give the preference to either.

I will spare the reader a description of their bridal costume, and proceed to give a slight sketch of the day's solemnities and rejoicings.

At half-past ten, our heroine and her father left home in their carriage for St. George's, and were quickly followed by Mrs. and Miss Dickenson and Mr. Beverly, who was to give Jane away.

When the party reached the church, they found the brothers, and all the rest of the invited guests, awaiting them; they at once proceeded to the altar, and in less than half an hour the destinies of these four human beings were sealed; vows uttered, perhaps to be broken, and that at no very remote a period—a blessing asked for them, let us hope not in vain. Then, happy and proud, the brothers led their brides into the vestry, where the little trembling fingers traced, on the register's leaf, for the last time, the maiden name!

Then the happy couples drove to Mr. Colinwood's, stared at by every passer by,

and envied by many a solitary soul, who chanced to see the merry *cortège*.

The breakfast was as handsome as Gunter's skill could make it; the usual speeches were made and answered; healths were drunk; tears were shed by some, and smiles succeeded! Then the ladies quitted the scene, and retired, some to the drawing-room, others to assist the brides to put off the wedding garments, and to deck them in a more suitable dress for travelling; for, at three o'clock, they were to start on their respective tours—Charles and Jane for Brussels, William and Ellen for Italy.

Ellen, although as happy as she could be, yet felt sad at leaving her dear father, and many were the tears she shed, as she kissed and clung fondly to him, when the moment for parting arrived.

And now, the second carriage and four has departed, and a shadow has fallen on every heart! What stillness reigns now the chief actors in this scene have left!

Mr. Colinwood, completely overcome, retired to his study, to regain his composure. Mr. Beverly, sad, and more than usually cross and touchy, could find no consolation even in *Tootsum*, who was the only indifferent spectator, and so the best philosopher present.

Fortunately, the three hours to dinner did not last for ever, as some of the guests began to think they would; and then, when that was ended, there were fresh arrivals announced every moment, so that all sadness and sorrow were banished once again, and merriment succeeded. The ball was kept up till a late hour in the morning, and every one was so weary and fatigued, that sleep soon overtook even the anxious father.

Mrs. Maberly had been present, and the event served to furnish food for her sarcasm and spite for many a day after.

James and Clara stayed with Mr. Colinwood during the three weeks Ellen and our hero were away, and their society tended

much to soothe the good lawyer, who also derived much comfort from Ellen's long and frequent letters. She loved her father too well ever to forget him even at this, the happiest epoch of her life.

On the 24th of July, Mr. and Mrs. William Beaumont returned to England, and at once proceeded home, where everything was in readiness for their reception. And now we will leave them; peradventure, were I to continue their history longer, clouds might arise and throw a gloom over the reader's heart. They are now happy—happy in their fond and trusting love! Then, why seek to know more?

Charles and his bride remained abroad only one week longer than William; they were not happy, but the reader, knowing Jane's character, will not wonder at that; her husband, ere he had been married a week, was shocked at her want of feeling, which was not long in manifesting itself; now that her point was gained,



and she had secured him for ever, she cared not to conceal her want of heart—nay, soul! So, in his beautiful bride, he found a very monster enshrined! Alas! poor Charles, why such a fate?

Mr. Beverly, now wholly taken up with *Footsum*, was as happy as a king. He laid out plans for the education of the child (he never could get himself to say “boy”), ere the little creature had a tooth in its head; and his enthusiasm for the dumb creation gradually abated in measure as his love for his charge increased.

Mrs. Deywood and her son continued the quiet, even tenor of their ways, each living for the other; and if poor Oscar was not happy, at least he was resigned, and, to his mother, appeared contented. Miss Percival, after staying a few weeks with her relations in Devonshire, returned home accompanied by both Ada and Mary, for even her stony heart was touched by the former's burst of grief whenever the conver-

sation fell on Mary's departure. So, as Hood says,

“Cruel only to be kind,”

she again took charge of her, and although, at times extremely amiable with the engaged ones, she contrived, on the whole, to prove Shakspeare's assertion with regard to “true love's course,” by tormenting her niece, and taking offence from the young *Rector* (no longer whipper-snapper) when none was meant.

Mrs. Dickenson lived a great deal more at her daughter's house than in her own, which did not tend to render poor Charles the happier; and he often thought of Seymour's remark respecting mothers-in-law in general!

And, Seymour! Have I nought to say of him? Indeed I have; he rose rapidly in his profession, and soon had more to do than he could well get through. He was a frequent visitor both in Brook Street and Portland Street. He often met the Lloyds at the last-

named place, and the gossips said he appeared to think Mary a very sweet girl, and that he paid her great attention. However, that may have been really *only* gossip, after all; so we had better pay no heed to it. And now I have little else to say. I have left the hero and heroine happily beginning their married life; and should this, my first humble attempt at Authorship, meet with even slight approval, I may, in a future volume, unfold the secrets of their subsequent career.

If I have succeeded in affording amusement to the reader, for a few hours, I shall be more than repaid for the time spent in writing this tale. If I have succeeded in showing the evils of a showy, unsubstantial education, and the miseries an *ill temper* entails on the possessor, as well as all those within the sphere of its influence, I have not laboured in vain! If I have held up a mirror, in the person of Miss Percival, to any one of my readers, who will not only look in it, but profit

by the sight, and so *carry* their religion into the *minute* details of their life, as well as make a parade of it on grand occasions—if I have done this, then am I grateful, for then my aim will have been achieved.

FINIS.



## IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

---

### NEW PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS.

---

J. F. HOPE,

16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,

By his New Publishing Arrangements, CHARGES NO COMMISSION for Publishing Books Printed by him until the Author has been repaid his original outlay. And, as all Works intrusted to his care are Printed in the very best style, and at prices far below the usual charges, AUTHORS ABOUT TO PUBLISH will find it much to their advantage to apply to him.

Specimens, Estimates, and all particulars forwarded gratuitously, by return of post.

---

ENGRAVING ON STEEL, WOOD, &c.

ALSO LITHOGRAPHING,

BY FIRST-RATE ARTISTS AND AT VERY REASONABLE CHARGES.



## J. F. HOPE'S NEW WORKS.

---

In 1 vol., post 8vo, price 8s. In the press.

**Traces of Primitive Truth, &c., &c., &c.** A Manual for Missions. By the Rev. John Lockhart Ross, M.A. Oxon., Vicar of Avebury-cum-Winterbourne, Monkton, Wilts, Author of "The Church and the Civil Power," "Letters on Secession to Rome," &c., &c., &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 1 vol., post 8vo, price 7s. 6d. In the press.

**The Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset in Caffraria during the War at the Cape.** Edited by J. E. Fenton.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 1 vol., post 8vo, price 7s. 6d. In the press.

**The Privateer.** By C. Shaw.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 2s. Now ready.

**Aslané. A Tale of the Massacre of the Nestorian Christians.** By Enos.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 1 vol., price 3s. In the press.

**Sermons and Lectures delivered in a Country Church.** By the Rev. W. J. Hathway, B.A.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

### NEW WORK BY MRS. ROBERT CARTWRIGHT.

Now ready, in 2 vols., double post, price £1 1s.

**The Royal Sisters; or, Pictures of a Court.** By Mrs. R. Cartwright, Author of "Lamia," "Christabelle," "Ambrose the Sculptor," &c. &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 1 vol., double post, price 10s. 6d. (Ready.)

## The Life and Times of Dante.

By R. De Vericour, Professor of Languages and Literature  
in the Queen's University, Cork.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, 1 vol., price 2s. Cheap Second Edition.

## Ernest Milman : A True Tale of Manchester Life. By P. Oswyn, Author of "Ralph Deane," &c.

"This work will doubtless be eagerly sought after."—*Manchester Spectator*.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

## DR. PUSEY REFUTED.

In post 8vo, 4s. cloth. (Ready.)

## The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist Inves- tigated : Modern Innovations of its Purity Examined and brought to the test of Scripture, the Testimony of the Ancient Fathers, and the Declarations of the Church of England. By the Rev. John Duff Schomberg, B.A., Vicar of Polesworth.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 1 vol., post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. (Now Ready.)

## The Odd Confidant ; or, " Handsome is that Handsome Does." By Dot.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 2 vols., post 8vo, price 21s. (15th of April.)

## The House of Camelot. A Tale of the Olden Time. By Miss M. Linwood.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Just published, Vol. I., price 7s. 6d.; Vol. II., price 10s. 6d. Beautifully Illustrated.

**History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire**  
and Adjacent Districts, from the most remote period to the  
present time. By Alexander Jeffrey, Esq., Author of  
"Guide to Antiquities of the Borders," &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Post 8vo, price reduced to 5s.

**Travels and Recollections of Travel; with a**  
Chat upon various subjects. By Dr. J. Shaw, Author of  
"Rambles through the United States," "A Tramp to the  
Diggings," &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

#### STARTLING NEW WORK.

Vol. I., post 8vo, price 5s. Second Edition.

**Holland: its Institutions, Press, Kings, and**  
Prisons; with an awful Exposure of Court Secrets and  
Intrigues. By E. Meeter.

"This is just the book that people would like to read."—*Saturday Review*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

1 vol., post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. Illustrated. (In the Press.)

**Juvenile Crime: Its Causes, Character, and**  
Cure. By S. P. Day, Author of "Monastic Institutions," &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Lately published, in 1 vol., post 8vo, price 2s. 6d., cloth 3s. 6d.

**China: a Popular History, with a Chronolo-**  
gical account of the most remarkable events from the earliest  
period to the present day. By Sir Oscar Oliphant, Kt.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Post 8vo, price 4s. (Ready.)

**Wild Notes.** By E. Passingham.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Second Edition, Second Series, now ready, price 5s.

### Brameld's Practical Sermons. (Second series.)

"Full of earnest thought and genial feeling."—*Athenæum*.

"A book of a thousand merits."—*Press*.

"The claims of personal religion are enforced with singular earnestness."—*John Bull*.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Ready, Second Edition, much improved, price 6s.

### Thirty-four Practical Sermons.

By G. W. Brameld, M.A. Oxon, Vicar of East Markham,  
late Curate of Mansfield.

"Truly spiritual."—*John Bull*.

"Brief, earnest, and forcible."—*English Churchman*.

"These discourses are truly what they are termed in the title-page, practical. Mr. Brameld does not command belief, he persuades and convinces."—*Critic*.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Just published, price 7s. 6d.

### Thirty Sermons, on Jonah, Amos, and Hosea.

By the Rev. W. Drake, M.A., Lecturer of St. John Baptist Church, Coventry ; Hebrew Examiner in the University of London ; and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Just published, price 6d.

### The Prophecy of Koshru, &c. Translated by J. D., and Edited by M.D.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Just published, price 4d.

### Christian Fear. A Sermon preached by desire of the Congregation. By John Barton, Curate of Rivenhall.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

### The Sea. Sketches of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay ; and other Poems. By "The Scald."

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

Mess-Table Stories, Anecdotes, and Pasquinades, to Promote Mirth and Good Digestion. By Hoin Sirmoon.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

In 3 vols., post 8vo, price 31s. 6d. (In the press.)

Annette Doyme: A Story from Life.

By E. D. Fenton.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

Reflections on the Mysterious Fate of Sir John Franklin. By James Parsons.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, 1 vol., price 6s.

Voyages to China, India, and America.

By W. S. S. Bradshaw.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, 1 vol., price 4s. (Ready.)

Italy's Hope: A Tale of Florence.

By John Ashford, Author of "The Lady and the Hound."

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 2s.

The Lady and the Hound. By John Ashford.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d., Illustrated. (Just ready.)

Poems. By "Sir Oscar Oliphant."

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Price 1s.

A Day on the Downs, by the Vale of White Horse.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Price 3d. each, or 20s. per 100. (Third Edition.)

An Elementary Religious Catechism ; being a Compendium of the chief Truths and Events revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as expounded and commemorated by the Church of England. By the Rev. Henry Kemp, M.A., Head Master of Cleobury-Mortimer Endowed Schools.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, 1 vol., price 8s. (Ready.)

Dearforgil, Princess of Brefney : A Historical Romance. By the Author of "The Last Earl of Desmond."

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 3s.

Anecdotes of the Bench and Bar.

By W. H. Grimmer.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, pp. 332, price 1s. 6d.

The History of England in Rhyme, from the Conquest to the Restoration.

"A delightful book for children and young people."

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Demy 8vo, price 12s. 6d.

Switzerland in 1854-5 : A Book of Travel, Men, and Things. By the Rev. W. G. Heathman, B.A., Rector of St. Lawrence, Exeter, late British Chaplain at Interlaken.

London : J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.



Post 8vo, price 8s.

## Julia; or, The Neapolitan Marriage.

By Margaret Tulloh.

"This work should be read by all who wish to possess a thorough knowledge of Neapolitan Life."

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Price 3s. Second Edition.

## The Young Lady's First French Book, with a Vocabulary of the French and English, and the English and French, of all the words used in the Book. By R. Aliva.

"This work is decidedly the best we have yet seen of the kind, and we observe that our opinion is backed by our numerous contemporaries."—*Courier*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Post 8vo, price 1s. 6d.

## Sir Hieram's Daughter and other Poems.

By R. Villiers Sankey, Author of "Poetical Romances and Ballads."

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Just published, in 1 vol., double post, price 7s. 6d. At all the libraries.

## Liverpool Ho! A Matter-of-fact Story.

By Powys Oswyn, Author of "Ernest Milman: A Tale of Manchester Life," "Ralph Deane," &c. &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Demy 8vo, price 3s.

## Duty to Parents: Honour thy Father and thy Mother. By a Clergyman of the Church of England.

"A useful companion to persons newly confirmed."—*Guardian*.

"Excellent in its purpose and contents."—*Spectator*.

"This excellent little volume may assist the parents above alluded to. It is a well-planned, well-executed book."—*Leader*.

"This little book, placing the duty on its true Scriptural basis, would be a useful present to most young gentlemen, and even to some young ladies too."—*Churchman's Magazine*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

## First Steps in British History, for the use of Schools and Private Families. By the late Tutor to the Earl of Glamorgan.

"The 'young nobleman' is the Earl of Glamorgan, and whoever his tutor is, we feel, on the perusal of these pages, that he is a man worthy to be trusted. The leading facts of British history are thrown into the form of a narrative, so simple that a child of six years may understand it. Taking this excellent nursery-book from beginning to end, we should say that the main facts are truthfully stated, and the great religious and constitutional principles guarded with a vigilance that would have done credit to the authors of many more pretentious books."—*Christian Times*.

"A concise and well-written summary of the history of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to our own times. The language is simple, and, as the title premises, adapted to the comprehension of very young children; and the author, not satisfying himself with the bare recital of historical events, seizes every opportunity of inculcating good principles by pointing out those actions worthy of admiration and imitation, and those which should, contrariwise, be shunned."—*Britannia*.

"*First Steps in British History* is that rarest but most valuable of all educational works—a really simple and intelligible composition, adapted to the capacities of children. It is the best English History for schools we have yet seen."—*Critic*.

"*First Steps in British History*, being letters to a young nobleman by his tutor, is a summary of the leading events of the history of England, written in a plain, familiar style."—*Literary Gazette*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

1 vol. demy 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

## Travels through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. By John Shaw, M.D., F.G.S., F.L.S., Author of "A Tramp to the Diggings," &c.

"This is a most valuable work at the present time," &c. "This book is remarkable."—*Press*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 5s.

## Christian Politics.

By the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., Author of "The Cradle of the Twin Giants," "Echoes of the Universe," "Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean," &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Post 8vo, price 2s.

## Family Interests: A Story taken from Life.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Post 8vo, price 1s. 6d.

## Arnold: A Dramatic History.

By Cradock Newton.

"There is exquisite beauty in 'Arnold.'"—*Glasgow Commonwealth*.

"'Arnold' is a book of real poetry. It is full of beauty, and will be felt to be so by all who have a lover's passion for the great and small things both of nature and of thought, and whose delight is to see them dressed in poetic fancies again and again."—*Inquirer*.

"In toiling across a wide desert of arid verse, we are too delighted to meet with the sound of a spring or the fragrance of a flower not to give it a welcome. Of the kind have we found in 'Arnold.' There are evident touches of poetry in it. The stream of the verse has a gleam of gold. The author is apparently very young, but has undoubtedly shown that he possesses the poetic temperament. An unusually pure tone and purpose in the book augur well for the future of the writer. The various lyrics show a sense of music in verse. The patrons of our minstrels will do well not to pass this little pamphlet by."—*Athenæum*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Price 1s. 6d.

## Thoughts on the Revision of the Prayer-Book, and of the Terms of Clerical Conformity. By the Rev. J. R. Pretyman, M.A., late Vicar of Aylesbury, Bucks.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Demy 8vo, price 7s. 6d., illustrated. Second Edition.

## Lays of Love and Heroism, Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems. By Eleanor Darby, Author of "The Sweet South."

"The Authoress is already well and favourably known to the British public by her previous publication, under the title of 'The Sweet South.' The appearance of the present volume will but call forth a repetition of those high encomiums which were so plentifully bestowed upon her former effort. The 'Lily o' Dundee' is of itself sufficient to show the distinguished abilities of the authoress, displaying, as it does, in a very high degree, her power, pathos, and poetic skill. The volume, as a whole, cannot fail to contribute very materially to the popularity of the accomplished authoress; and it deserves a very extensive circulation."—*Morning Advertiser*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Fcap. 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

## On the Search for a Dinner. By W. R. Hare.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Post 8vo, price 4s., Illustrated.

## The Sweet South; or, a Month at Algiers.

By Eleanor Darby.

For the excellent Reviews of this Work see *Athenæum*, *Observer*, *Literary Gazette*, *Critic*, *Courier*, &c.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

## DR. E. LEE ON NICE AND MALAGA.

Demy 12mo, price 2s. 6d.

Nice and its Climate. With Notices of the Coast from Genoa to Marseilles, and Observations on the Influence of Climate on Pulmonary Consumption.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

Price 1s. 6d.

The Nurse and the Nursery; being a Digest of Important Information with regard to the Early Training and Management of Children; together with Directions for the Treatment of Accidents apt to occur in the Nursery, and which every Nurse, Nursery Governess, and Mother ought to know.

"The instructions which he conveys are expressed in plain and intelligible terms, and no nurse or mother ought to be without them."—*Morning Post*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

WORKS BY THE REV. WILLIAM DUFF SCHOMBERG, B.A.,  
Vicar of Polesworth.

Price 3d. (Just Published.)

The Pretensions of the Church of Rome to be considered Older than the Church of England, examined.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

---

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Price 1s.

Protestant Catholicism; or, the Characteristics of Catholicism as inherited, and maintained, under Protest, by the Church of England.

"The reader will find that he has at his fingers' ends a mass of information and argument."—*Church and State Gazette*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

In 2 vols., large 8vo, price 10s.

**The Theocratic Philosophy of English History,**  
 Showing the Rise and Progress of the British Empire. In  
 which the events of history are traced to their proper origin,  
 the characters of persons whose actions have influenced  
 the progress of society delineated, and the overruling providence of God vindicated.

"In this age of ephemeral publications, seldom does it fall to the lot of a reviewer to enjoy the privilege of calling public attention to a work of such profound research, written in such powerful and concise language, and presenting the result of years of patient investigation of an almighty power unravelling the entangled web of human affairs. If to justify the ways of God to man—if to exhibit Divine benevolence educing ultimate good out of apparent evil; making 'the wrath of man to praise him,' and overruling every event to subserve the grand designs of Providence; if such an attempt, executed by an author possessing in combination mental powers of no common order, has long been a desideratum, we are enabled to announce the completion of a task which will continue an imperishable memorial of the talent, and genius, and perseverance of Mr. Schomberg."—*Church Intelligencer*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

In demy 12mo, price 2s. 6d., cloth. Second edition, with copious additions.

**Elements of the British Constitution,** containing a comprehensive View of the Monarchy and Government of England.

"It is precisely what it professes to be, an exposition of the 'Elements of the British Constitution;' and as such it is deserving of a place in every Englishman's library, and should be early placed in the hands of every English schoolboy. It is comprehensive without being diffuse; clear in its statement of principles without cumbering the mind with details."—*Liverpool Courier*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Price 6d.

**Political Protestantism,** designed for the First Forms at Schools and for Young Men leaving their Homes for the engagements of Public life.

\*.\* The Profits of this Work are devoted to the Society of Church Missions in Ireland.

"The work consists of 78 pages of well-selected matter, drawn from valuable historical resources, and puts the question of Church and State, and the aggressions of Popery, in its proper light."—*Shropshire Conservative Journal*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

Price 1s.

**Claims and Responsibility of the Christian Ministry.**

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.













University of  
Connecticut  
Libraries

---



39153020632578

